

POE

SAMUEL LOW.

— Fancy's lovely, fascinating child,
Sweet Poesy, through all her flowery walks,
Led thee enamour'd.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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1 NO 61

THE MUSEUM



WINTER.

VOL. II.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed in an address to Winter—Invocation—first appearances of Winter—description of a heavy rain—effects of the north wind—reflections on the desolate appearance of nature—description of a fall of snow—of a farm-yard—effects of Winter on the brute creation—its consequences in relation to man—sufferings of the poor—a peasant perishing in a snow-storm—a storm at sea—moral reflection—picture of Winter in Greenland—description of rural pastimes—of city employments and amusements—the coffee-house—the tavern, &c.—the ball-room—the theatre—the social party—the solitary student—reflection arising out of the latter subject—apostrophe to the sun—the subject resumed—a clear, cold night—such a night in Lapland—appearance and effects of frost—skating—sleighing—salutary effects of frost—gradual departure of Winter—a thaw—retrospect of Summer scenes contrasted with the present gloomy aspect of nature—approach of Spring—conclusion,

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W. I N T E R.

[To attempt the following Poem after Thomson's Winter was, perhaps, injudicious; but a considerable part of it was written at the age of sixteen years, when the author had no idea of ever publishing it: he did publish it, however, in 1784; since which time he has altered it in such a manner as to render it more fit for the public eye.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the style, measure, and plan of Thomson's Winter, and those of the following Poem, are so dissimilar as to preclude comparison.]

RETURN, oh Winter! from thy bleak domains,
From snow-clad heights and ever-frozen plains;
Array'd in all thy terrors meet my view,
That I thy boist'rous progress may pursue;
For, solemn subjects lofty strains require,
And scenes like thine sublimest thoughts inspire;
Then come, ye horrors of the midnight hour!
O'er heav'n's wide arch let tenfold darkness lower;
Come, cheerless glooms! keen frost, assist my lays;
Tho' cheerless, partners of my happiest days;
Grim-visag'd Winter! come, whose piercing blast
Hath twice nine hostile seasons o'er me past;

In hoary majesty again appear,
 And let me see thy spoils another year;
 Again creation's fairest prospects mar;
 Ye murky mists shroud Sol's resplendent car;
 In dismal strains, ye savage tempests, howl;
 Ye sombre clouds, with threat'ning aspect scowl,
 With "darkness visible" pervade the air,
 And, big with mischief, hang portentous there!

Majestic Ocean! spectacle sublime!
 Still inexhausted, unimpair'd by time;
 Parent of waters! since whose reign began,
 None ever knew thy vast extent to scan,
 Whose depth, unfathom'd, mocks the skill of man;
 From that eternal depth, stupendous sight!
 Arise—'gainst Æolus exert thy might;
 Contest with him the empire of the sky,
 And all his dread artillery defy;
 With wrath inflated brave thy vap'ring foes,
 The wonders of thy awful realms disclose;
 Roll wave on wave with all-subduing sway,
 Expunge the light and terrify the day!
 Now fall, now rise with undulation fell,
 To yawning caverns sink, to mountains swell;

With horrible eruption, rage and roar,
And make primeval chaos come once more;
For me this elemental war display,
And energize my yet unpractis'd lay.

Piérian Goddesses! immortal Nine!
Ye guardian deities of verse divine,
For various science, ev'ry art renown'd,
In genius rich, in learning's depths profound,
With ev'ry elegant endowment bless'd,
Who dwell in regions of consummate rest,
And, glowing with sublime poetic lore,
Did oft vouchsafe, in blissful days of yore,
With mental light your pupils to inspire,—
Now let that sacred light my bosom fire!
Celestial Muses! oh, assist my song!
To ye the gifts of poesy belong:
Cause harmony and sense to sweetly join,
Give dignity and grace to ev'ry line,
Direct the measure with the theme to flow,
Swell with the storm, and with the season grow!
Nor let my verse in nought but sound excel,
But paint rough Winter's gloomy scenery well;

Give prospects vivid—bold description give,
And teach my virgin numbers how to live.

Great source of song, the Bard's benignant guide,
Divine Apollo! o'er my verse preside;
Celestial minstrel, whose melodious lyre
Awakes to ecstacy Parnassus' choir!
Patron of genius and the Poet's art,
To me thy animating power impart;
Come, power of numbers, and inform my breast,
Propitious come, and make thy vot'ry blest!
Let thy suggestions aid my lofty theme,
Upon it let thy tuneful science beam;
Now, heav'nly prompter, hear thy suppliant's call,
Lest from my fond aspiring hopes I fall;
Forego thy laurel which enchant'st my eyes,
And lie inglorious, ne'er again to rise!

And see! stern Winter rises,—in his train
Are winds, and clouds, and frost, and healthless rain;
Decrepit, lo! he comes, and bids the storm
With baleful vestiges the earth deform.

The Sun to skies remote now points his way,
And still, as he revolves, contracts the day;
To short'ning days long joyless nights ensue,
The bad increase, the better hours are few;
Sol's dwindling splendor sheds a parting beam,
Diffusing through the air a sickly gleam;
Far distant he displays his languid face,
His arrows struggling through the hazy space;
His tarnish'd glory glimmers through the shade,
Too weak the thick'ning vapours to pervade;
Increasing clouds obscure his feeble ray,
Till Night's broad curtain falls, and shuts out Day.

'Tis Night,—and universal silence reigns;
No cheering star in heav'n's expanse remains;
No longer Cynthia sheds her argent beams,
Her bloated orb a fiery meteor seems;
Wide, and more wide the circle round her grows,
And o'er her face a sadd'ning aspect throws;
More gloomy grows the sky, more bleak the air,
Earth's various scenes a mournful visage wear;
Damps insalubrious chill the passing wind,
And quick, thro' shiv'ring man, admission find;

Oppressive mists dejecting influence shed,
 And render him to ev'ry pleasure dead:
 While thus creation is involv'd in night,
 Chimeras terrible his mind affright;
 Horrific images his soul deform,
 And seeming sighs and groans predict a storm:
 Hark! 'twas the screech-owl's melancholy scream;
 That hollow murmur—was it Fancy's dream?
 Or bellow'd forth by some unhallow'd sprite
 Who flits unseen thro' "sable-vested" night?

Capacious clouds hang threat'ning in the air,
 Engend'ring rain and wintry tempests there,
 Until the gloomy mass, by winds dispers'd,
 Upon the earth in rapid torrents burst;
 Thro' sluggish clouds the storm infujiate breaks,
 And from their stores the wat'ry ruin shakes:
 Loud howls the blast, o'erwhelming floods descend,
 The mountain groans, the forest seems to rend;
 Heav'n's overcharg'd alembics open wide;
 Bleak, dark and cheerless falls the heavy tide;
 Thro' channels deep it rolls, with thund'ring sound,
 And spreads an infant deluge o'er the ground!

Then *Æolus* bids mighty *Boreas* blow,
To aid the havock now begun below:
Obsequious to the mandate, lo! he flies,
With shadows deeper ting'd to veil the skies;
The *welkin* lowers, but chief the angry north
Brews the dread gale, impatient to go forth;
There *Winter* keeps his fatal magazine,
His bleak inclement forces there convene;
The clouds grow blacker, scarce admitting light,
And sable glooms frown inauspicious night.
While mantling darkness thus involves the sky,
A calm profound portends the tempest nigh;
The winds now only wait the dread command,
To rush impetuous on a mourning land;
Th' aerial power his blust'ring charge unbinds,
And sits at variance two imprison'd winds;
At once the adverse forces frantic bound,
And rocks and hills rebellow to the sound:
See how they move in terrible array!
Confronted, lo! they urge their hostile way;
The thund'ring champions come, in terror clad;
Herds droop, trees hang their heads, and fields look sad:
Contending winds against each other strive,
Opposing clouds against each other drive,

In dire commotion, till superior might
From conqu'ring Boreas puts his foe to flight;
His matchless energy can all things quell,
His dread artillery all force repel;
Now horrible discomfiture he guides,
And thro' the air in sullen triumph rides:
Hark how he makes the troubled ocean roar!
See how the angry billows lash the shore,
Where craggy cliffs project tremendous o'er!
They nod, they rend, and, down the giddy steep,
With crash terrific, meet the foaming deep!
At such dread scenes frail mortals stand aghast,
And nature totters to the mighty blast!

Of such subversion more remains to tell;
The mass of clouds disperse and dispel,
And Phœbus shines on suff'ring earth once more,
But Boreas brawls and rages as before;
He launches furious thro' the vast abyss,
Above, around is heard the dismal hiss,
Shrill whistling as he cuts the trackless space;
Before him scud the clouds with rapid pace;
His vast velocity the air divides;
Upon the tyrant's wings Destruction rides,

For when the vengeful blast arrives below,
When things terrene partake the weighty blow,
The storm, by Nature's sov'reign Ruler hurl'd,
With ruin swift o'ertakes the northern world;
Its force Earth's everlasting pillars shakes,
And Ocean's formidable surges breaks;
Beneath its pond'rous weight the forest bows,
Oppress'd and lab'ring with the ruthless blows;
Yon lofty oak, that boasts resistless might,
Of bulk unrivall'd, and gigantic height,
Whose ancient roots a tract of earth o'errun;
Whose spreading boughs exclude the mid-day sun;
Whose strength invincible with ages grows,
Can scarce the merciless assault oppose;
On energy inherent it relies,
And all the powers of *Aeolus* defies;
Sublime it rears its venerable form,
And braves the fiercest fury of the storm;
High tow'ring in the air above the rest,
The monarch of the woods it stands confess'd;
Sure fix'd the basis stands, but, lo! above
The branches in convulsive writhings move;
Now nod the limbs, and, bending from their height,
Maintain a stubborn but unequal fight;

They crack, they rend, 'tis rude commotion all,
The body trembles, and the members fall :
The shatter'd trunk, of all its honours shorn,
Is left its mutilated form to mourn,
More pliant to the gale, weak saplings bend,
Torn from their roots, innum'rous shrubs ascend :
Fell Desolation triumphs; wide around
His blighted trophies strew the burthen'd ground;
And leaves and stubble, left defenceless there,
Are whirl'd aloft tumultuous thro' the air !

“ How chang'd, how fallen” now the landscape lies,
Which late with Beauty's image bless'd our eyes;
Lov'd Summer scenes, whither have ye fled?
Ye short-liv'd charms, no sooner lov'd than dead!
Dear rural prospects; once with verdure grac'd,
But now by Winter's blighting touch laid waste;
Fair objects, that on mortal sense could pour
Delights, that glad man's torpid sense no more;
Once all your charms, with ever new delight,
In swift succession rose upon my sight;
With secret rapture often have I gaz'd
On Nature's gifts, and Nature's Author prais'd;

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When genial show'rs enrich'd the teeming earth,
And vernal warmth gave vegetation birth,
Then throbb'd my heart, by Winter's blast unchill'd,
And speechless feelings thro' my bosom thrill'd;
Or when the fervor of a Summer sun
Matur'd what Spring's creative power had done;
Or recent Autumn's yellow fields appear'd,
And health and hope the rustic owner cheer'd;
When bounteous harvests well repaid his toil,
And various plenty made the country smile;
When ev'ry wish indulgent Nature crown'd,
And shed her gifts exuberant around,
Enraptur'd I beheld,—the hours were spent
In warm acknowledgment and calm content.
While thus I call to mind enjoyments past,
And with them Winter's dreary scenes contrast,
On evanescent good while mem'ry dwells,
The gloomy retrospect my bosom swells;
Desponding images my thoughts employ,
The wreck of beauty, and the death of joy;
Dismantled earth inspires the soul with dread—
Lov'd Summer scenes! ah, wherefore have ye fled?

Long gath'ring vapours now to clouds increas'd,
Surcharg'd with frosty stores, involve the east;
Bleak Eurus there prepares his chilling blasts,
A weight of snow the burthen'd air o'ercasts;
Of keener cold and piercing frost I sing,
Engend'ring in the air, which soon will cling
Fast hold on all beneath, which soon will throw
A robe of whiteness over all below:
Stern Winter, now confirm'd, in wrath impends;
With all his gloomy ensigns he descends;
For, lo! he gives the ripen'd mischief birth,
And shakes his vapoury produce on the earth:
'Tis come, dread Winter's hoary badge is come,
And bids the earth prepare to meet its doom.
By Eurus driven thro' the sluggish air,
The show'r, minute and light, flys wav'ring there;
But soon, o'er all the atmosphere dispers'd,
Creation in its bosom lies immers'd:
Perpetual driving snow obscures the skies,
Commixing heav'n and earth while thus it flys;
The spreading ruin overwhelms the plains,
And dazzling whiteness o'er Nature reigns;
Its weight oppressive swells the hills, and lo!
Beneath accumulating heaps of snow,

How yonder trees, with drooping branches, stand
In white array, a venerable band!

How close the fleecy shroud to earth adheres!

How uniform the boundless scene appears!

Wide and more wide the spotless waste prevails;

Till aching vision at the prospect fails;

Till the spent gale an ermine mantle flings

O'er all this sublunary scene of things.

Nor have the clouds spent all their downy store;

But on the earth a frozen deluge pour:

Still more collecting, inexhausted still,

Tho' subtle flakes each lurking fissure fill,

And ev'ry vale exalts itself a hill.

Meanwhile the cattle shun the whelming waste,

With quicken'd speed for shelter home they haste;

Mournful, and ruminating as they go,

And shaking from their sides the cumb'rous snow:

Arriv'd at home, the dumb expecting band,

For entrance, near their hovels shiv'ring stand;

The lowing kine the milker's hand intreat,

And oft the call importunate repeat;

Son'rous and long resounds the lowing strain;

The hills responsive bellow back again.

There too the fleecy tribe their pittance crave,
Which once the herbage wild spontaneous gave;
And clam'rous bleat for their accustom'd meal,
Which cold made scant, and now thick snows conceal.
There chanticleer the storm undaunted braves,
Proud o'er the feather'd throng his plumage waves;
He spurns the snow, the blast he does notreck,
But, crowing shrill, exalts his glossy neck.
The steed rears graceful there his tow'ring size,
With head erect he gazes on the skies,
And prances wild, and snuffs the chilling air,
And neighs, impatient for the owner's care:
Nor long the helpless brutes his succour ask,
Soon, whistling, comes the peasant to his task;
Them large supplies of provender to spare,
And house them safe is his assiduous care.
Next comes the thrifty milk-maid, early taught
To shun destructive sloth, which oft hath brought
Its slaves to want, to vice, disease and woe,
And all the num'rous evils mortals know;
She comes to drain the kine; industrious she,
Domestic work to ply; with heartfelt glee,
She treads her native snow, she cheerly sings
Her simple rural strains, and with her brings

Her ample pails, pure as contiguous snow,
Which soon with copious streams of milk o'erflow.
Now, laden with the luscious spoil, she trips,
And, as she treads incautious, often slips:
The peasant too, returns in jocund mood;
His herds, well hous'd, enjoy their sav'ry food;
From cold and hunger free, they there abide,
Nor aught of comfort wish, or know, beside.

But oft, devoid of such a friendly shield,
To savage Winter's ruthless grasp they yield;
The fleecy flocks are bury'd oft in snow,
And undiscover'd breathe in depths below;
The anxious shepherd seeks his charge in vain,
And rambles joyless o'er the desert plain;
But if he chance to find the smother'd race,
Their breath, that thaws the snow, denotes the place;
The lengthy hook he gladly then suspends,
By this the suff'rer, scarce alive, ascends;
While those remain whom death the power denys
To make the snow-dissolving breath arise.

By hunger urg'd, the nimble-footed deer
O'er snow-crown'd heights pursues his swift career;

There too the fleecy tribe their pittance crave,
Which once the herbage wild spontaneous gave;
And clam'rous bleat for their accustom'd meal,
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While those remain whom death the power denys
To make the snow-dissolving breath arise.

By hunger urg'd, the nimble-footed deer
O'er snow-crown'd heights pursues his swift career;

The hapless brute by huntsmen's toils annoy'd,
Oft meets the fate he labours to avoid;
A vale, replete with snow, betrays his steps,
Incautious in the fatal depth he leaps;
In vain he struggles now himself to clear,
And panting, dreading, sees his foes draw near;
They come, they wound, they slay the guiltless beast;—
Already fancy riots at the feast;
Big tears hang trembling in his dying eyes,
Unmov'd they hear the captive's piteous cries,
Exulting, grapple their expiring prey,
And, loud rejoicing, bear the prize away.

Nor yet contented with the lusty prize,
Insatiate man to meaner conquests flies;
He skirts the forest, and he beats the copse,
The hare and squirrel now invite his hopes:
In hollow trees, and burrows under ground,
He careful prys, and looks expectant round.
If now the parent hare hath left her haunt,
In quest of sustenance her offspring want,
The helpless young, in man's deep arts unskill'd,
To his perfidious stratagems must yield:

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The dam, improvident of Winter's store,
Now dubious roams abroad in search of more;
And, spur'd by pressing want, the snow disturbs,
To glean precarious food from wither'd herbs;
But deadly guns her anxious search cut short,
Or traps insidious lie where game resort;
Or, if she shun these snares, a harder fate,
Severer evils her return await:
Her haunt she enters, but the hapless hare
Beholds nor mate, nor harmless offspring there,
And dies with cold, with hunger and despair.

The fowler too the meads and woods explores;
With his remorseless feats the country roars;
With cautious step, and big with hope and fear,
He pauses now, and now approaches near,
And eyes the feather'd flock thro' all their flight,
Till on some tempting meadow they alight,
Within his reach; then points, with steady hand,
The fatal engine to the heedless band;
Swift from the tube escapes the leaden death,
That lays them prostrate, gasping out their breath;
While others, startled at the ruthless deed,
Precipitate and wild forsake the mead;

But many, flying, meet the death they shun,
And swifter ruin leaves the murd'rous gun;
Thro' yielding air it flys, with thund'ring sound,
And hurls its conquest on the blood-stain'd ground!

On skates of wood the sons of Lapland go,
To hunt the elk o'er endless tracts of snow,
Nor heed the cavities which lurk below:
Upon the snow-top'd surface far and wide,
Accoutred for the chace, they fearless slide;
The huntsman, fleet and fierce as Winter's wind,
Each moment leaves a length'ning space behind;
Mad with desire his object he pursues,
Too late the beast his luckless fortune rues;
The sanguine foe, with horizontal aim,
Darts instantaneous ruin to the game;
Dextrous he manages the missile bow,
That lays his victim's branching antlers low;
The deathful weapon cuts th' aerial space,
And crowns the triumph of the savage chace!

Thus man delights in cruelty and blood,
Thus animated nature feels his rod;

Relentless man ! to whom God deigns to give
Pre-eminence and rule o'er all who live ;
Whom he endows, above the brutal race,
With power, intelligence, and beauty's grace,
His creatures with a lenient hand to use,
And not with tyrant sway his works abuse :
Ah ! what avails thy vict'ry o'er the brute,
By nature harmless, weak, irresolute ;
Who only craves what earth spontaneous yields,
And independent roams his native fields ?
Him let thy mercy greatly spare—for such
Let gentle Pity's thrill thy bosom touch ;
Nor thus unequal, cruel conflict wage,
To crown thy sport, or glut thy barb'rous rage :
In such rude sports if thy delight be plac'd,
Thy boasted vigour, skill and prowess waste
Upon the ruffian bear, or tusky boar,
Or on the savage-wolf thy fury pour ;
Let him thy vigour feel, thy valour know,
Wreak all thy vengeance on the desp'rate foe :
Tho' sports like these are hazardous and rough,
The conquest's great and noble—that's enough
To prompt impetuous youth to risque all harm,
And hurl the javelin from the nervous arm.

Thus are the tenants of the field beset
By ruthless want, and man more ruthless yet;
Nor they alone;—them Winter often kills,
But visits man with more enduring ills;
Chief over him the season's wrath impends,
And on his head with ten-fold rage descends:
With all its rigours now it smites the poor;
Ah! who can paint the mis'ry those endure
Who pine for daily food, whom rags attire,
In whose storm-beaten huts a feeble fire
But mocks the wretched inmates while they freeze,
Or sink beneath the pressure of disease?
While in a land of plenty they abide,
And partial fortune smiles on ev'ry side,
In vain too often they for succour ask,
For bread in vain they plead, distressing task!
The churl, the miser, and the reptile beau,
Alike unfeeling, shun the man of woe;
The snarling churl commands him from his sight;
The miser can't, alas! afford a mite;
The fopling gives the mendicant—his curse,
Nor draws one shilling from his useless purse;
For if the worm should charity impart,
'Twould show, oh, dire disgrace! a feeling heart.

The parsimonious make this specious plea,
"To give these suitors is not charity;
"Appearance often is deceitful."—True,
But if appearance favour those who sue,
Expand your hearts; if able, give profuse,
Nor with this base pretence yourselves excuse;
What if some vagrants no relief deserve,
Ah! let not such your gen'rous purpose swerve;
Should sometimes artful knaves your pity steal,
And prove unworthy of the boon ye deal,
Your duty's done, heav'n still approves the deed,
Still bids ye give, and ye shall never need.

Chang'd is the scene in yonder stately dome,
Whose costly splendour speaks a prince's home;
Warm tho' capacious, stable tho' so tall,
It lifts the storied front and marble wall;
Blest is its owner, if a marble heart
Does not forbid him with his wealth to part;
Supremely blest, if he possess a mind
That glows with gen'rous love for human kind,
But ah! how few among the wealthy great
Know half the evils which the poor await;

Or if they know, th' intrusive thought dismisses
Which damps their joy and mars their selfish bliss;
On them dread Winter pours his rage in vain,
They bind the tyrant with a golden chain;
Their wealth his thousand evils can elude,
A thousand blessings in their path are strew'd;
Among the idle, profligate, and gay,
They doze or dance their useless lives away;
Or should mere fashion make them spend some hours
Where nobler scenes engage our mental powers,
Thalia holds her mirror up in vain,
Nor can the tragic muse her tribute gain.
While now on down the affluent lie supine,
Or strive to deaden self-reproach with wine;
While sprightly songs and feasts voluptuous charm,
And luxury and ease the cold disarm;
Now while their cup with sensual good o'erflows,
Their fellow men endure unnumber'd woes;
Just heav'n! no longer let them hear in vain,
Such piteous objects of relief complain,
But from disease and ghastly famine snatch
The poor, deserving, half-expiring wretch!

LOW's POEMS.

51

• Ev'n where terrestrial comforts most abound,
In rural life such suff'ring scenes are found;
A peasant leaves his cot, perhaps for food,
Or seeks some wand'rer from his fleecy brood;
Against th' inclement storm he thinks he's proof,
When Winter's howling blasts are heard aloof;
But now, before the destin'd good he gains,
He feels, alas! Cold's life-consuming pains;
In vain he mends his pace his blood to warm,
And closer draws the garb that wraps his form;
Successless he attempts to find his home;
The storm is loud, impervious is the gloom;
Spurn'd by its rage, he staggers to and fro,
And wades at random thro' the trackless snow;
Thro' falling clouds he gropes his dubious way,
Still farther from his course he goes astray;
Thro' all his limbs acute sensations dart,
And shiv'ring cold soon seizes on his heart;
Inactive, torpid grown, the suff'rer stops,
And sees his fate approach; himself he props
With staff unfaithful to his trembling hands,
And to the storm a mark of vengeance stands;
But all in vain—each limb refuses still
Its wonted prompt obedience to his will:

His stiffen'd knees their pliant action lose,
His palsied arms he can no longer use;
To reach his distant cot he oft assays,
And oft, in vain, for some assistance prays.
Now dreaded night o'er takes the way-worn swain,
While clouds of snow-sweep furious o'er the plain;
Again he strives to walk, again he fails,
Again with sighs and groans his fate bewails;
More deep he plunges in the waste of snow,
Till Death, grim tyrant, terminates his woe!

Nor is old Ocean from the tempest free;
Heav'n's dread artillery assaults the sea;
Now wind, and snow, and showers of rattling hail,
The lab'ring barque with all their force assail;
Lo! how she tosses on the furious waves,
Which now to mountains rise, now sink to graves!
And drives before the strong, resistless gale,
With masts disrob'd of ev'ry swelling sail;
Thick clouds of snow prevent the hapless crew,
The perils that surround their ship to view;
The welkin blackens with increasing wind,
And pours its thunders;—Æolus behind,

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Exalted high upon his cloudy car,
Provokes the distant wat'ry world to war!
The ocean roars, the storm exerts its rage,
The wind and sea in conflict dire engage;
Now, with the foaming surge, the vessel heaves,
And swiftly mounts upon the swelling waves;
As swift now plunges in a frightful vale;
The lab'ring seamen stand aghast and pale,
And, trembling, view tremendous billows rise
In mountains which appear to reach the skies;
Some wield the frozen cords with torpid hands,
And nimbly do the master's hoarse commands;
Some climb aloft, — what will not seamen dare?
While all Death's horrors in their faces stare;
And some below, with care assiduous seek
Where gushing waters bubble through the leak;
Some ply the pump, e'en while she seems to sink,
And holds them o'er Eternity's dread brink;
They toil incessant, but they toil in vain,
For on the ship the billows faster gain.
Hark! that alarming, unexpected shock!
She strikes, alas! — again she strikes a rock!
On her wreck'd hull the waves more furious beat!
Ah! whither shall the mariners retreat?

LOW's POEMS.

Assail'd by all the perils of the main,
They give their labour o'er, for now 'tis vain.
Stiffen'd with horror, cold, and fell despair,
The wretched seamen at each other stare;
And lo, where yonder monstrous billow rolls!
It roars, it thunders thro' obstructing shoals,
And, swift as wind, with one death-dealing sweep,
Bursts o'er their heads, and whelms them in the deep!
Some instantaneous dash'd against the shoals,
Without a groan at once breathe out their souls;
Some yet continue on the faithless deck,
And cling, convulsive, to the floating wreck;
But soon the shatter'd planks asunder rend;
On feeble fragments now a few depend,
Nor struggle long against their dreadful doom;
Down sink the suff'ers in their wat'ry tomb!

Say now, imperious man, with wealth elate,
Whom pride besots, and vanity stiles great;
If thou art actor in this tragic scene,
Tell, if thou canst, the difference between
Thy humble fellow suff'ers and thyself:
Alas! the only diff'rence lies in self.

What now avail thy riches or renown?
E'en if thy brows were circled with a crown,
Blest wouldest thou be to lay the bauble down,
If thou couldst quell the raging of the seas,
Or safely bear thyself from scenes like these!

Thus blest is he who, safe on shore, can view
The shiv'ring vessel and the drowning crew:
The mighty deep enrag'd and toss'd he spys,
And hears, perhaps, the seamen's dismal cries,
Whom near to land impetuous billows urge:
He sees them, struggling with the foaming surge,
Now disappear, and now again emerge,
Till soon their mangled limbs deform the strand:
Then blest indeed is he on shore to stand;
And tho' this shocking sight, this dreadful scene
Affect his feeling breast with sorrow keen,
Yet, when he views those ills he need not fear,
His life and safety then become more dear;
When he compares his lot with woe like this,
The contrast makes him doubly feel his bliss.

Tho' such events afflict this northern coast,
temp'rate clime our continent can boast;

For what is Winter's worst inclemence here,
To that which polar skies inflict severe,
With unrelenting sway, the long, long year?
Where man endures the last degree of cold,
And endless Winter's icy arms enfold
The joyless natives of that frigid clime,
Where one sad round of mis'ry doubles time.
Unhappy race of men! who scarcely know
What comfort means, or what is good below:
Ill-fated land! inhospitable place!
Where life can scarcely crawl its sluggish pace;
Where thickest darkness reigns, and one long night
For tedious months usurps the cheering light;
Where promontories hang o'er caverns fell,
Whose yawning entrance seems to lead to hell;
Where barren mountains all access deny,
Whose tow'ring summits pierce the realms on high;
Whence rugged craggs, with threat'ning aspect, now,
Stretch distant o'er, and shade the deep below;
The deep, where rueful noise forever reigns,
Loud, hoarse, and harsh, despair-exciting strains!
There boist'rous waves o'er rocky ridges break,
And wind and ocean dismal discord make;

Rude Uproar there his court unrivall'd keeps;
Alike o'er land and sea destruction sweeps!
Emergent from the deep, remote from land,
Huge pyramids of rocks terrific stand,
Above begirt with clouds, tremendous sight!
The nether parts with curling surges white!
But this is Greenland Summer's transient reign;
Ills far severer still unsung remain:
When native Winter thro' the country storms,
In all his terribly-majestic forms,
His rigour bids e'en ocean cease to flow,
And binds Leviathan's huge bulk below:
Far as the eye can stretch, 'tis frozen here,
And leagues of sea a mass of ice appear,
Heaps rising still on heaps, a giddy height,
Frown awful terrors on the distant sight;
And mountains, cap'd with everlasting snow,
With whelming ruin threat the plains below;
By long accretion, rocks of solid ice
Jut glist'ning o'er the craggy precipice,
Suspended high in air, and looking death
To shudd'ring mortals doom'd to dwell beneath.

The wretched tenants of this dismal shore,
Now dare not tempt the dang'rous season more;
But, while the Winter's cold can be endur'd,
Forsake the caverns where they live immur'd,
To stem the flood for food, or hunt for prey,
Which lasts till Spring gives back the long-lost day;
In subterranean caves, unwholesome, damp,
They sit around the gloomy, nauseous lamp,
And there remain, secure from piercing blasts,
Nor show themselves while Winter's rigour lasts.

As cold advances, denser glooms increase,
Till light, and life, and comfort almost cease;
For now the sun has left the shore forlorn,
And long, ah! long, it waits for cheerful morn!
By light unbless'd, save what faint twilight sheds
Upon the natives' woe-devoted heads,
Or Cynthia's chilly-looking, pallid light,
Which scarcely gilds the horrors of the night,
But casts a tremulous and lurid gleam,
Sad substitute for Sol's resplendent beam!
And when he re-illumes the land, he shines
With feeble warmth, till fervid June declines;

LOW's POEMS.

And then once more his penetrating rays,
With potent heat, dissolve the frozen bays;
Then hills of floating ice choak up the main,
And torpid Nature 'wakes to life again;
Should then some barque, disastrous, chance to drive
Among this waste of ice, in vain they strive
To steer her from impending danger free,
While thus surrounded with a frozen sea:
Entangled there among the floating ice,
Nor human skill nor human strength suffice;
Wreck'd is the barque, the sailors are no more,
Unless some fragment, driving toward shore,
On its broad surface should sustain the men;
If the kind natives see their danger then,
Expert in such rough scenes, they soon are there,
And safe to land the grateful seamen bear.

In these tempestuous seas th' unwieldy whale,
Releas'd from icy bonds, is seen to sail:
The waves divide, the troubled ocean foams,
Where'er the huge, aquatic monarch comes;
With matchless energy he stems the waves,
With force resistless ev'ry danger braves;

He seems a distant island as he lies,
And spouts the sea, and makes the column rise
A fearful height—and now in air it bends,
And the vast cataract in foam descends!

Amid these wilds unblest, the rugged bear,
With slow and sullen pace, and shaggy hair,
Athletic and uncouth, proceeds along,
Robust his limbs, and formidably strong:
With tardy gait he moves his brawny form,
To cold inur'd, he fearless fronts the storm;
To seek the fiery race, by want compell'd,
The hardy animals are oft beheld
Far on the floating ice which choaks the main,
Regardless of the hardships they sustain;
Nurs'd in these bleak abodes, the savage bold
Enjoys his native storms and kindred cold;
Nor would exchange, for climates less severe,
The frost and snow which blast the Greenland year.

Enough—I now forsake this desert shore,
And sing its cold, delightless night no more;
Rejoic'd, I quit a region doom'd by fate
To groan beneath this ruthless season's weight;

Where Winter finds his acme; matchless cold
And ancient Night despotic empire hold,
And complicated woes are ever near,
To sink the gloomy soul the long enduring year.

On such calamities, such dying strife,
And all the hardships of a Winter life,
My Muse, no longer dwell; of pleasures sing,
Which from this season's rough embraces spring;
Of friendship, plenty, health, and peace serene,
Which still can cheer the gloomy Winter scene.

While uproar now incessant reigns without,
While Winter pours his ruffian blasts about,
Columbia's peasants trim their ample fires,
And thro' their dwellings genial heat transpires;
In yonder cot, whence smoky columns rise,
The rustic group, secure from stormy skies,
Their ev'ning hours in tranquil ease employ,
And rural pastime wakes their souls to joy;
Social crescent round the fire they form,
Whose vivid blaze at once can cheer and warm;
Beneficence and simple truth are there,
And there content and innocence repair;

The surly mastiff by his master stands,
And wistful begs a morsel at his hands;
*Around the room her tricks grimalkin trys;
The crackling faggot up the chimney flys;
The cricket chirrups blythsome in the hearth,
And all conspire to heighten harmless mirth.
The roof, that pond'rous heaps of snow sustains,
Now loudly crackling, of the storm complains:
They hear the tempest rage, but reckless hear;
Its piercing blast they neither feel nor fear;
In words uncouth they tell their rustic tales,
Soon o'er the list'ning throng the charm prevails;
Of goblins dire some talk, while others hear
With wond'ring approbation, mix'd with fear;
Imagination's terrors o'er them creep,
And banish from their eyes encroaching sleep;
In social converse fleet their Winter nights,
Or the brisk dance, or jocund song delights;
Columbia's rural daughters join the strain,
Or lead the dance, with each her fav'rite swain;
The quaint old ballad prompts some son'rous voice,
While sires and matrons silently rejoice;

* For the images contained in these three lines, the author is indebted to Goldsmith's "Edwin and Angelina."

Or if some wit or humourist be there,
Or Humour's murderer, or Wit's despair,
A clam'rous laugh applauds his poor pretence;
Grimace is humour there, and triteness sense.
By Science uninform'd, and unrefin'd
By aught of taste that guides the cultur'd mind,
The mimic's Proteus power, that can adapt
Itself to all things, with resemblance apt;
The sprightly jest; the applicable thought;
And irony, with hidden satire fraught;
The ludicrous burlesque that laughter moves;
The attic flash of wit that genius loves;
The ready repartee; the well-tim'd pun;—
All these their feelings and their sense outrun;
Such brilliant sallies have no power to please
Perceptions unappropriate to these;
But, tho' their faculties 'gainst these rebel,
The coarse attempt at wit they relish well;
The common-place remark, and vulgar joke,
Delight them more than if a GARRICK spoke;
In such rude ignorance perhaps more blest
Than if fastidious taste their minds possess'd;
They know not what the critic's raptures mean,
But neither do they know the critic's spleen;

Disgust, and pride, and envy gnaw his breast,
But they, at least, are negatively blest;
For apathy, stupidity, and phlegm,
And sensual good, are happiness to them;
With daily toil and nightly ease content,
Thus Winter glides, and thus their lives are spent.

Thus Truth the rural Winter scene portrays;
The town's employments now demand my lays;
Far diff'rent pleasures, pains, pursuits, and views,
Solicit there the pencil of the Muse,
To mark the multifarious lights and shades
In human nature, thro' ten thousand grades;
How fortune ebbs and flows on mortal schemes,
Aerial castles and romantic dreams;
But who that views this motley mass of life,
Its cares and joys, its amity and strife,
Can draw the picture it exhibits, true,
And give the chequer'd scenery its due?
Who can unfold that intricate machine,
The crowded, restless, busy city scene?
Or who pursue the devious ways, or ken
The various characters and aims of men?

Of swarming throngs which, thro' the complex maze,
Seek happiness ten thousand diff'rent ways?
The moral Muse shrinks from the long detail
Which mocks her power and makes description fail;
Content to paint a picture less precise,
A sketch of city manners must suffice,
A glimpse of worth, amidst a cloud of vice.

Now ev'ning's shade succeeds tumultuous day,
And noise and bus'ness slowly die away;
Save 'mong the sons of commerce, who, on 'change,
Now make their bargains, or their plans arrange;
There many a sapient Quidnunc talks of news,
Of knowledge sparing, but in words profuse;
There those who borrow pelf, and those who lend,
Half their monotonous existence spend;
There speculators, traders, crowd in flocks,
Well read in prices current, skill'd in stocks,
And when to sell or purchase six per cents;
There too insatiate Mammon talks of rents;
Him arrogance and gluttony inflate,
Two plums, at least, have render'd him thus great;
Elate with wealth, he rears his pride-swol'n crest,
A thing which others worship,—and detest;

In opulence and ignorance supreme,
His lands and tenements are all his theme :
Taste, virtue, sentiment, which heav'n design'd
To regulate self-love in human kind,
And chasten sense, embellish not his mind,
In which rapacious, sordid notions reign,
That all his base, degen'rate nature stain ;
Absorb his better passions, and deform
His reas'ning powers; poor, wealthy, plodding worm !
Nor can one lib'ral thought his soul engross,
By gold encrusted o'er, and sunk in dross.

From him indignant satire turns with grief,
To seek in Pleasure's walks a short relief ;
More pleas'd in scenes of levity to trace
The less flagitious faults which man disgrace ;
To see how Folly, under Wisdom's guise,
Displays its freaks, and peeps with squinting eyes ;
How down the stream of life its vot'ries sail,
Driv'n by imperious Fashion's fickle gale :
Them satire, while it censures, pitys too,
And smiles to see the phantoms they pursue,
The shapes grotesque they wear, the walks they chuse,
Their tinsel'd drap'ry, and cameleon hues ;

Detects the latent vice in faults like these,
But oft extracts some good from what it sees;
These venial foibles can, at least, give birth
To Virtue's semblance,—sometimes real worth;
While Mammon, wholly sway'd by avarice,
Presents one mass of complicated vice.

Nor shall the sentimental lay defend
The spendthrift's course, which must in ruin end;
Here dissipation shall find no excuse,
No specious gloss shall varnish manners loose;
Nor shall the libertine's eulogium stain
The moral page, where purity should reign;
Nor beastly Bacchanal, the slave of sense,
Entice the bard to speak in his defence.
See with what strange avidity these run,
"Some to undo, and some to be undone!"
See how they riot, prodigal of wealth,
And squander life, and life's best treasure, health?
In mad nocturnal revels they indulge,
Which sacred Virtue blushes to divulge;
In frantic, short-liv'd, and factitious joy,
These sons of vice their Winter nights employ.

LOW's POEMS.

Lo, where the gamester plys his dang'rous art !
What fiend-like passions agitate his heart !
On painted spots his eyes unwearied dwell,
Of games he knows the cant and myst'ries well ;
Ah, fatal knowledge ! which, when mortals find,
Depraves their hearts and blasts their peace of mind ;
Makes them, in spite of Reason's voice, persist,
And barter future happiness for whist !

With like abhorrence and disgust, I see
The stupid, bloated, sensual debauchee :
In present good and animal delight
He sits impers'd, all brutal appetite ;
No other love than love of self he knows,
No other bliss than what the bowl bestows ;
Intemp'rate draughts, with dire diseases fraught,
Inflame his passions, but extinguish thought ;
Reflection's power, which should amendment bring,
Leaves on his mind no salutary sting ;
He will not view the pain, remorse, and tears,
His lusts are laying up for future years ;
And age, infirmity, and grief arrive,
Before he learns the lesson how to live ;

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LOW's POEMS.

Too late he learns the worth of health and time,
And retrospects, with agony, the crime
Of hours mispent, of benefits abus'd,
Of reason stifled, faculties misus'd;
What once he clasp'd with ardour, proves his bane,
And syren pleasure terminates in pain !

But let not Pleasure's sons infer from hence,
The bard would censure all the joys of sense;
That he life's few endearments would dismiss,
Or e'en abridge their sum of real bliss:
The rigid, harsh, but wholesome ethic lay
Shall ne'er reprove the innocently gay;
But praise the elegant, the cheerful scene,
Which dissipates man's cares, or cures his spleen;
Applaud the sprightly, joy-inspiring dance,
Which love, grace, beauty, harmony enhance;
Admire the dome, with brilliant lustres crown'd,
And spacious floor that springs to music's sound;
There social mirth and dignity combine,
There courteous manners, taste, decorum join,
To cheer, adorn, and soften human kind,
And make the sorrowful to life resign'd:

Such scenes can best man's rugged nature tame;
Such, none but weak fanatics dare to blame.

But chief of all the sources of delight,
Which now amusement-seeking crowds invite,
The purest, noblest is Thalia's court;
There age and youth, there grave and gay resort,
And Reason sits and smiles at comic Sport;
There moral truths in Beauty's colours live;
There all the charms that wit and humour give,
And all th' effect that scenic views impart,
Transport the senses, captivate the heart!
Refine our manners, and our taste correct,
And ev'ry spring of sentiment affect;
Rouse our best passions, and our worst allay;
Make all but bigots own their virtuous sway;
Yes, sure the moralist may dare commend
What YOUNG and ANDISON approv'd or pen'd:
In vain do bigots snarl, enthusiasts rage,
And spleen and ignorance decry the stage;
For there the moral lesson oft prevails,
When ev'n the preacher's elocution fails:
There Virtue wears her most alluring charm,
Vice stands convicted, and its slaves reform.

Whether the tragic scene with pathos swells,
Or gay Thalia's art to mirth compels,
The letter'd sage and less illumin'd mind
Can both instruction and amusement find;
Alike delight and profit, hand in hand,
Fix the rapt thought, and all our powers command;
Give cultur'd minds new elegance and taste,
And better those which science hath not grac'd;
Teach intellect a higher, bolder flight,
And bring each latent spark of good to light:
The tender and sublime of tragic lore
Make bosoms feel which scarce e'er felt before;
Ineffable emotions they impart,
Bedew the glist'ning eye, and melt the heart;
And if Melpomene a view disclose
Of trait'rous plots at home, or foreign foes,
Columbia's youth their gen'rous ardour show,
And the try'd patriot feels a warmer glow:
Instinctively he grasps th' avenging steel,
And burns to draw it for the public weal.

Nor less does pure delight the circle bless,
Which sacred Friendship's placid joys possess:

Heart-cheering Friendship! which, when mortals know,
With ev'ry virtue makes their bosoms glow;
Whose cordial drop alone can make us bear
The num'rous evils to which man is heir:
Endearing tie! cement of kindred souls!
Without whose magic charm life joyless rolls;
That charm now makes the social group desire
More close to press around the cheering fire,
And more than cheering fire that magic charm
Can now the small domestic circle warm;
For Winter's ev'ning hour makes doubly dear
Life's sweetest solace, which can always cheer;
Hence Friendship's real vot'ries now delight
In bands of love more closely to unite;
A sentimental banquet they enjoy,
Uncheck'd by cold Formality's alloy;
Where servile Flatt'ry no admission gains,
No stand'rous tale the gen'rous bosom pains,
Nor senseless, ceremonious rules controul
"The feast of reason and the flow of soul;"
But converse unrestrain'd, and free from guile,
Expands each heart, and gives each face a smile,
And Hospitality its blessings pours,
And spreads, with heart-felt welcome, all its stores;

Where no false glare of wit the judgment blinds,
And fashionable vice no quarter finds;
But chaste decorum cheerful humour guides,
And Reason still o'er Folly's freaks presides;
Where the nice moral sense can still repress
Mirth's dang'rous sallies,—curb the mad excess
Of joys convivial, if they e'er incline
To cheer and elevate their hearts with wine.
Sweet intercourse of souls, oh, still impart
Thy virtuous transports to my glowing heart!

But not without advantage and delight,
Does man in solitude employ the night:
While now the season, joyless, drear, and bleak,
Makes Poverty's sad sons a shelter seek;
Blest is the being whom a blazing fire,
And silent night, with serious thoughts inspire;
Whose mortal part, unbusy'd and alone,
Leaves to the soul a vigour all its own:
Unfetter'd by the toils and cares of day,
By no intrusive converse led astray,
The mind profoundly can in thought immerse,
And freely, sweetly with itself converse;

The latent motives of its acts can trace,
While Conscience sits stern umpire of each case;
Can recognize its own existence,—mark
The wond'rous motions of that vital spark,
That subtle, conscious power, whose endless trains
Of ever new ideas, mock the pains
With which man's metaphysic eye pursues
Their swift succession, or their union views;
And thence it looks at that stupendous maze,
Its mighty Maker's wond'rous works and ways,
And ends its search in gratitude and praise.

Reflection! come, my wand'ring mind employ;
Shed in this breast thy pure, thy tranquil joy:
Come, Contemplation! with thy pensive brow,
Envelop me in sacred musing now;
Past scenes renew:—what Mem'ry must deny
Thy handmaid History can well supply;
By that sure light I view those distant times
Which boasted sages, born in various climes,
Whose labours have enlighten'd human kind,
Have prov'd the worth and dignity of *Mind*;
Whose splendid virtues, and experience sage,
Have meliorated each succeeding age;

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Their valu'd legacies of moral lore,
Or works of genius, while I ponder o'er;
Their beauty, taste, and truth while I admire,
And vainly strive to emulate their fire;
While Vanity's suggestions bid my lays
Aspire to share with them the meed of praise,
And Fancy paints my strains like theirs divine,
All the rapt visionary's joys are mine !
Delightful visions, dear illusions these !
Strange power of mind that such fond dreams can please !
While thus absorb'd, the human mind can soar
Above mortality, and there explore
Eternal things ; from scene to scene it flies,
Grasps distant worlds, and gains supernal skies !
Pleas'd with the wond'rous faculty which brings
That insect Man among celestial things,
Earth's puerile delights it nobly spurns,
And for pure intellectual pleasure burns !

'Tis morn—and lo ! in cloudless majesty,
The splendid sun illumines the eastern sky ;
Sublimely slow the heav'nly arch he climbs ;
Before his presence all obstruction swims ;

The morning clouds at his approach make way,
Obsequious to the glorious king of day.
Hail, orb resplendent! source of life and light,
Without whose beam 'twould be eternal night!
Without whose vivifying light and heat,
No heart on this terraqueous globe would beat;
But endless Winter's deadly cold embrace
Freeze man to ice, and blast Creation's face:
Bright world, I hail thee, whose benignant ray
A system fosters, and revives with day!
When thy vast sphere the western billow meets,
Far other climes thy cheering influence greets;
Unwearied still, and never looking back,
Thou still revolvest in thine ancient track,
Celestial luminary, radiant lamp,
Thy Maker's brightest image, fairest stamp,
Whom savage nations, dazzled by thy beam,
Have worship'd and ador'd as God supreme!
Thy beauty, power, and majesty I hail,
Thy strong effulgence that makes vision fail;
This land, now pierc'd by cold, and wrap'd in snow,
Will soon thy animating fervour know;
Our earth, which frost and barrenness now seal,
Again thy fertilizing power will feel;

Thy power will raise the spoils of Winter's hand,
And make an Eden of this prostrate land.

And now behold, in milder radiance dress'd,
He darts his beams obliquely from the west;
And, as his orb descends to Thetis' bed,
His parting rays their amber lustre shed;
Receding, lo! he sinks from mortal sight;—
Th' horizon glows with many-colour'd light;
But transient are the vivid tints; they fade,
And soon are lost in Twilight's sober shade.
Now solitary Night, with raven wings,
Shrouds all this sublunary scene of things;
Hush'd to dead silence is the wint'ry gale;
No cloud appears the azure vault to veil;
No humid vapours thro' the air transpire,
But fogs and damps to eastern lands retire:
The wide cerulean arch, how clear, how fair!
Myriads of shining worlds beam glorious there!
The fine ethereal mean for human sight
Now makes them glitter more serenely bright;
For now the nitrous frost, intensely keen,
Cleaves the pure atmosphere unheard, unseen;

But soon the subtle particles dispense
Acute conviction to the feeling sense;
Excessive cold man's fragile structure chills;
Thro' ev'ry pore a pungent shiv'ring thrills;
Sharp as a razor's cutting edge it feels,
And hard as adamant the snow congeals;
Chill Boreal blasts the river's course restrain,
And curb its current with an iron rein;
The crystal streamlet can no longer flow;
No longer beauty sees its form below,
For land and water have become the same,
Alike their use, they differ but in name.

In Lapland's frigid clime, on such a night,
What lovely scenes attract admiring sight!
There Boreal coruscations now adorn
The face of heav'n with artificial morn:
Unnumber'd charms there tempt the muse to tell
Of charms which do the power of words excel:
Behold the glowing heav'ns, my dazzled eyes!
Be lost at once in pleasure and surprise!
Lo from the gelid north a deep ting'd red
O'er heav'n's extended arch begins to spread;

A mass of flaming fire it seems, whose blaze
Shoots out in vivid streaks a thousand ways;
Refulgent meteors fill the wide expanse,
And beauties numberless in æther dance;
Innum'rous brilliant fires illume the skies,
Assuming figures various as their dyes;
Still as their figures vary to the view,
They change their variegated colours too;
Some form'd like lucid scarfs of light appear
Along the whole horizon;—now more near,
High o'er the azure space the meteors move,
And shed their blended glories from above;
A flood of light now gladdens all below,
And gains new splendour from the polish'd snow;
Charm'd with the scene, the native views the skies,
And rapture sparkles in the stranger's eyes!
So luminous at midnight is the ray,
It serves the various purposes of day;
And thus the natives often are supply'd,
With what the absent sun hath long deny'd.

In our more temp'rate clime now morn again
Succeeds to sombre Night's protracted reign;

See, o'er the face of Nature, how the snow
 Is crystalliz'd to ice;—a blue-ting'd glow
 Upon the slipp'ry surface glistens bright;
 It seems a polish'd mirror to the sight:
 The frozen substance, over all things spread,
 Cracks to the passenger's oppressive tread;
 Deceitful ice oft intercepts his way,
 And lubricated paths his feet betray:
 Long gather'd heaps of snow the houses crown,
 From which innum'rous icicles hang down;
 And lo, what myriads from the trees impend!
 See from yon mount the fractur'd ice descend!
 Around its base, which waves were wont to beat,
 Dissever'd fragments to a mass concrete.
 Long tyrant Winter strove to bind the flood,
 And long the flood the hostile siege withstood;
 Now one keen night the fluid mass congeals,
 And solid ice to wond'ring sight reveals:
 The blighted shore first shed its flow'ry pride,
 Robb'd of its bloom, it faded, droop'd and died;
 And now the flood obeys the ruthless blast;
 In dumb despair it clings its margin fast;
 Smooth and unruffled now 'tis doom'd to stand,
 Nor wind nor tide its motion can command.

Soon as Aurora hath begun her race,
And laughing light pervaded boundless space,
The city sends its youthful sons abroad,
And soon the ice with num'rous feet is trod;
Well pleas'd, the glossy surface they survey,
Delighted they attempt the slipp'ry way;
With polish'd steel, adapted to the feet,
They glide advent'rous over, smooth and fleet;
Each emulous of each, with cautious strides,
First steers his course, then rapid forward slides;
Harsh sound their skates, as thus they joyous play,
And mark with furrows their meand'ring way.

The spacious river now a highway made,
Behold what throngs the recent ice invade:
With animation groans the new-form'd plain,
Which scarce its pond'rous burthen can sustain;
Thoughtless of danger, others still repair,—
Ah! cease to tempt the faithless ice so far;
For, too advent'rous, you may find a grave,
Ere timely aid can stretch its hand to save.

In sleighs transported o'er the fav'ring snow,
Columbia's ruddy sons and daughters go;

In skin apparel these their limbs enclose;
 Warmth-yielding furs defend the arms of those:
 In some near village to enjoy the day,
 They swift proceed along the glassy way;
 Blithsome and gay, to active sports inclin'd,
 They ev'n in rugged Winter charms can find:
 In every form the bloom of Health appears,
 Insensible to cold while pleasure cheers.

Tho' rigid cold the human frame annoys,
 And, when excessive, frequently destroys,
 Yet man intense degrees of cold can bear,
 By healthful exercise and prudent care;
 For now the air, from noxious mists refin'd,
 Pure and salubrious, strengthens human kind,
 New strings the muscles, renovates the nerves,
 And from contagious maladies preserves.

The intellectual powers by cold are sway'd;
 From cold derive a salutary aid:
 All Winter's properties display their use,
 And some to mental energy conduce;
 The frost-sublim'd, attenuated air,
 That makes the firmament serenely fair,

Invigorates the mind and calms the brain:
Pleas'd with their task, the mental powers attain
What once they scarce discern'd, or sought in vain.
The mind thus fertile, placid and compos'd,
To piercing thought instruction stands disclos'd;
No gaiety in Nature draws our views
From objects worthier of the pensive muse;
But all her scenes assist the studious mind,
And all its powers to meditation bind.

That mass of whiteness, all-pervading snow,
To murmur ring man will soon its virtue show:
In earth's recesses, tho' inactive, lives
The origin of all earth ever gives;
The germ of all the vegetable grains
Which time reveals to light, it now contains;
In health and safety its deposit keeps,
And there mysterious vegetation sleeps;
Creation's choicest good, the seed of bread,
Its precious worth preserves in Nature's bed;
Envelop'd in the deep abyss of snow,
Keen frosts may smite above, and storms may blow;
Exempt from cold, life's sustenance and staff
Is from the inroads of the weather safe;

Tho' now unseen, it fills prolific earth,
And waits the coming change; the gen'ral birth;
When genial spring shall 'wake the dormant throng
To life and vigour, blooming, fresh and young.

Yes, Winter's power must shortly pass away,
And all his dread appendages decay;
For now a short-liv'd glow of vernal heat
Invites the swallow from his close retreat;
With aspect mild the day deceitful smiles,
And from his nest th' incautious bird beguiles;
Too soon he flys, too soon attempts to sing,
And fondly celebrates returning spring:
Again the clouds of March o'erspread the skies,
The wintry blast o'ertakes him as he flys;
Thro' the chill air the hapless warbler whirls,
And down to earth the little victim hurls.

The trav'ller, cheer'd erewhile by sun-beams warm,
Now seeks a shelter from the "pelting storm;"
Around he casts his sad inquiring eyes,
Till he some hospitable cottage spys,
And there finds refuge, till a cloudless day,
With warmth benign, invites him thence away;

LOW's POEMS.

71

Then glad he sees the solar radiance paint
The earth with golden tints—with warmth, tho' faint,
All Nature's works, reviving, now rejoice,
And silent some, and some with cheerful voice,
To Nature's Author grateful praises pay ;
The trav'ller chief, who now pursues his way
With strength recruited and renew'd delight,
Exulting as he homeward speeds his flight,

Now each diurnal course our earth performs,
Sol's blazing orb with growing fervour warms ;
And when to noon-day height his car he guides,
And in complete meridian glory rides,
His rays with genial warmth impregnate air,
And spread prolific vital virtue there ;
His energetic influence melts the snow,
And cheers and fertilizes all below ;
From quick'ned earth exhaling moisture draws,
And ev'ry ice-bound chasm and fissure thaws ;
The soil commixes with dissolving snow,
And turbid streams the country overflow ;
From the tall summit of the mountain steep,
The gushing deluge rouses up the deep ;

There whirling, boiling, in wild tumult toss'd,
It foams, and blends, and is forever lost !
Like thunder roaring, ceaseless it devolves,
Nor stops till all the mass of snow dissolves,
Each river now its former state regains,
The sun relaxes, and unbinds its chains;
Then, driven forward by th' impetuous tide,
The loosen'd flakes of ice its bosom ride;
Rustling they drive to sea, or distant land,
Nor men nor vessels can their force withstand.

'Tis finish'd—Winter hath usurp'd the throne
Of native spring, and made it long his own;
The hostile foe hath wag'd a tedious war,
And mark'd his way with ruin wide and far;
Laid Nature waste, deform'd her fair domains,
And now the tyrant of the north he reigns.
No more, with palate exquisite, the brute
Attempts to dispossess the sav'ry root;
No more, to taste the meadow, cattle stop—
The sheep no more its flow'ry riches crop,
Nor bound and gambol playful while they graze,
But ruminating stand, or mournful gaze.

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I see the sterl, desolated plains,
Where nought of beauty or of use remains;
The pasture blighted, and the forest bare,
Here shrubs:unseenly, trees dismantled there;
No zephyrs bland thro' verdant foliage play,
And breathe around the balmy sweets of May;
No more the music of the brake or grove,
Attunes the soul to cheerfulness and love;
Not long ago the florist's hope and pride
Adorn'd the banks where troubled streams now glides;
Erewhile rich verdure mantled ev'ry lawn,
And Nature put her gayest vestments on:
Lov'd scen'ry! where the eye could wander o'er
A thousand beauties, still discerning more,
Till distance bounded man's enraptur'd sight:
All, all this gay profusion of delight
Has disappear'd, and only left the place
Where mem'ry may departed beauty trace:
Strip'd of its drap'ry, shorn of all its bloom,
Creation, wrap'd in universal gloom,
Displays one uniform, unvaried scene,
The dismal shade of what it once hath been.

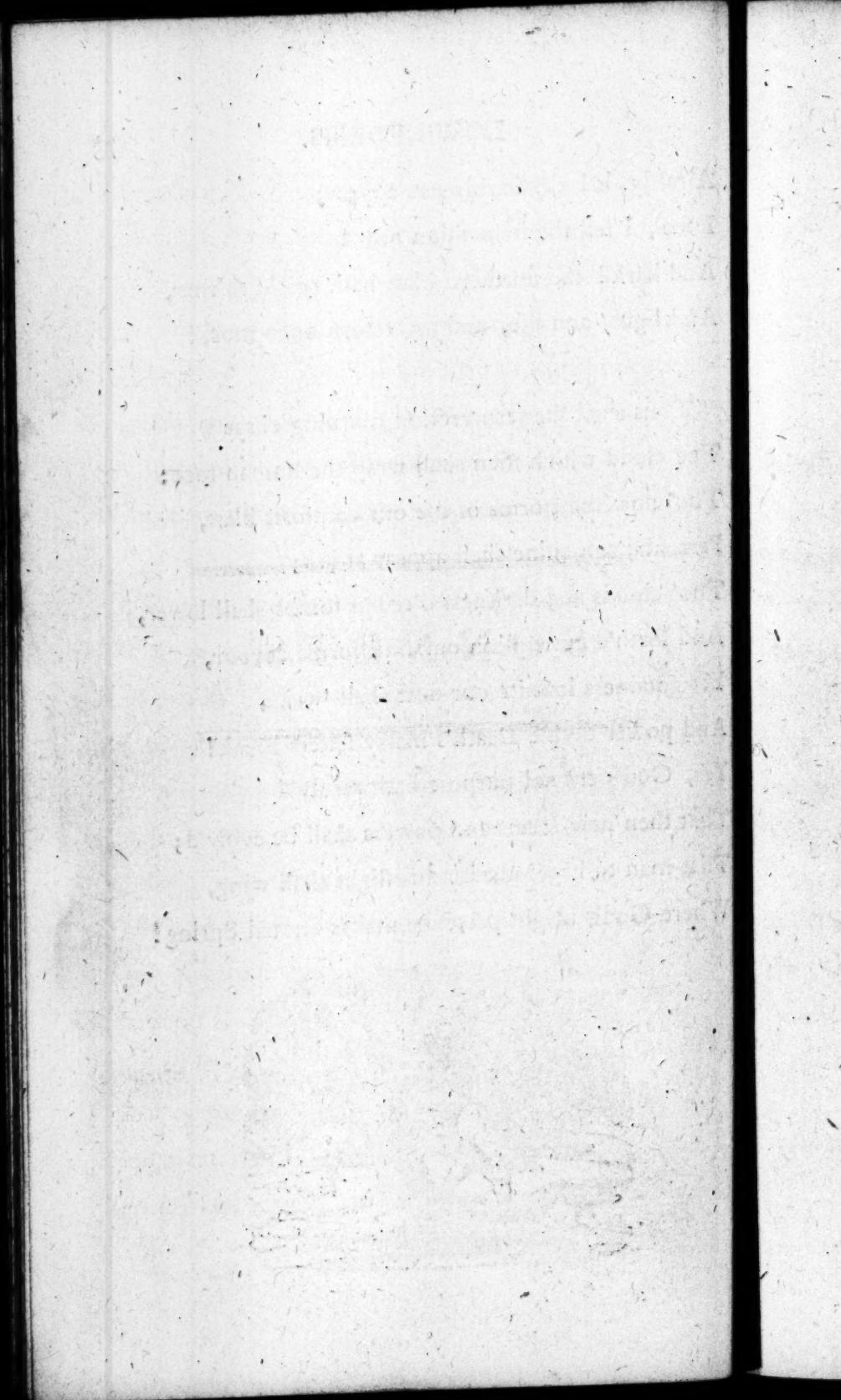
As when Night spreads around its dusky shades,
 And all terrestrial things with gloom invades,
 The various objects, seen thro' Day's bright glass,
 Seem then one sable, undistinguish'd mass;
 So now, tho' light conveys the sight of things,
 Its genial presence no enjoyment brings;
 All things alike, unblessing and unblest,
 With sameness pall the eye, with sadness fill the breast.

Disast'rous moment when that lapse took place
 Which gave dire Winter to the human race!
 And banish'd happiness the vernal plain.—
 But hold, my muse! remit thy murmur'ring strain;
 For Winter's rage is spent, his power hath fled;
 The solar beam will soon revive the dead,
 With life inspire the vegetable race,
 That long lay torpid in his cold embrace:
 Tho' Nature now of ev'ry charm is void,
 She soon shall flourish in Arcadian pride,
 Ope all her treasures at the breath of Spring,
 That on the southern breeze its sweets shall bring.
 Benignant season! haste, resume thy reign,
 Let joy and melody renew their strain;

Already, lo! thy harbingers appear,
I feel, I feel the renovation near !
And hark ! the northern blast hath ceas'd to roar,
And light, and life, and joy return once more !

Thus shall the resurrection morning chase
The cloud which then shall wrap the human race :
Tho' now the storms of life our comforts blast,
Perrenial sun-shine shall appear at last ;
Tho' clouds and darkness o'er our tombs shall lower,
And loath'd corruption our frail forms devour,
Yet goodness infinite our dust shall 'wake,
And power divine Death's massy fetters break !
Yes, God's eternal purpose hath resolv'd
That then new forms and powers shall be evolv'd ;
That man to heav'n at last his flight shall wing,
Where God's bright presence makes eternal Spring !





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SONNET I.

To S. L.

OH, thou, by whose maternal fondness rear'd,
 From helpless infancy to man I grew;
 Whose love almost unequal'd hath appear'd,
 Since Life's first sustenance from thee I drew!
 Accept this filial tribute to that love
 Which years of gratitude can ne'er requite;
 Thy welfare here is precious in my sight,
 But thy *reward* shall be bestow'd above.
 Thee dread *Adversity* hath sorely try'd;
 Thou hast been "wedded to Calamity;"
 But thou canst well the trying scene abide,
 For Piety sustains and comforts thee:
 Patient in suff'ring, mute beneath the rod,
 Thou know'st it comes from, and must lead to *God*!

SONNET II.

To ANNA.

WITH all the virtues which thy sex can boast,
 Thou, dearest *Anna*, richly art endow'd;
 But, in domestic worth excelling most,
 Thy heart is social Virtue's pure abode:
 Yes, long and sweetly hath *Palemon* prov'd
 With what supreme regard he is belov'd;
 Affectionate e'en now as when a bride,
 Companion of his life! his cares are thine;
 Thy destinies kind heav'n with his did join;
 And 'tis his blessing to be thus ally'd:
 Still will he strive to ease thy feeling heart
 Of wrongs, ingratitude hath made thee bear,
 And tenderly extract the barbed dart
 Which specious friends have deeply fasten'd these.

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SONNET III.

To PORTIA.

WEARY and faint, thou, *Portia*, dost ascend
 Life's barren hill, where scarce a spot of green,
 Or flow'ret wild, to solace thee, is seen;
 Joyless and rugged is thy way; no friend
 Averts the storm which, on thy widow'd head,
 Beats pitiless; the low'ring clouds malign
 Their bitter drops on thee disast'rous shed:
 Alas! those bitter drops are also mine.
 For oft tho' Fortune's levee I attend,
 Her frowns Hope's embryo sparks as often chill;
 But Hope, enthusiast Hope, my ceaseless friend,
 Courts her false smile and fickle favour still.
 Long, *Portia*, thou, like me, hast been her sport;—
 Ah, long may I, like thee, in *Virtue* find support!

SONNET IV.

To FRATERNUS.

OF man's ingratitude, deceit and art,
Fraternu; thou, with reason, hast complain'd,
 And well thou know'st, that equally my heart
 Hath been with human vice and mis'ry pain'd;
 But let us learn to pity and forgive
 The venial frailties incident to man;
 And bear, with stoic suff'rance—if we can,
 The wounds which *Perfidy* and *Malice* give:
 Despise the herd who, panoply'd by pelf,
 Enjoy no good which centres not in self;
 Why should their crimes, of sentiment the bane,
 The breast of sensibility corrode?
 As well might tuneful *Philomel* complain,
 That mute and grov'ling is the loathsome toad!

SONNET V.

To SAMUEL, on his Birth-Day.

To me, young *Samuel*, and this life of woe,
Amanda yielded thee ten years ago;
That signal day on which herself arriv'd
To twenty years of suff'ring;—she is now
A sainted spirit;—imitate her thou,
So shalt thou join her shortly; for she liv'd
A life of virtue;—ah! too soon, I fear,
Thou wilt behold her; for, tho' *Hebe* grace
Thy fragile form; tho' in thine eyes appear
Sense, meekness, love; yet in thy pallid face
Hygeia's bloom, alas! I cannot trace:
But if *Palemon* hath conjectur'd wrong,
Should heav'n to ills like his thy life prolong,
That life, dear youth, would not be worth this song.

SONNET VI.

To W. P.

ACCEPT, *Philanthropos*, this heartfelt lay,
 The just eulogium of a fellow bard,
 For I have nothing better to repay,
 Nought else thy love and friendship to reward;
 Then let a sonnet, to thy merit sung,
 From thy sage muse accustom'd favour gain;
 Nor let her disregard the simple strain,
 Tho' not attun'd like thine my lyre be strung;
 But if like thine my verse refuse to rise,
 Yet shall thy virtues be my constant aim,
 Thy nice and rigid honour, which defys
 The breath of Calumny, the cynic's blame;
 And thy benevolence, which still so warmly glows,
 In spite of treach'rous friends and undeserved foes.

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SONNET VII.

To GALEN.

THY friendship, *Galen*, still thro' Life's rough road,
 Hath aided me to bear Misfortune's load;
 Thy hand hath many a nettle pluck'd, and thorn,
 To make my path less rugged and forlorn:
 Kind-hearted *Galen*! many a halcyon day
 Have we, in friendly sort, beguil'd away:
 Obscure and few, tho' worthy, are my friends,
 And therefore dear and precious to my heart;
 And thou, when Fortune does a smile impart,
 Or when Adversity my bosom rends,
 Art still the same, good, artless, and sincere,
 " Among innumerable faithless, true;"
 Thy constancy to me hath made thee dear,
 Hath made this small acknowledgment thy due.

SONNET VIII.

To the *Spirit of my departed M—*

MEEK spirit of my sainted **, erst
 The partner of my fortunes, who didst first
 Win my enamour'd heart; regretted saint!
 If thou canst hear thy once lov'd friend's complaint,
 Oh! if the bliss thou hast enjoy'd, since Death
 Of thy endearments my lorn heart bereft,
 Permit thee to look down on aught beneath,
 Complacent look on thy *Palemon*, left
 So long against Adversity to strive;
 Sustain his soul, and teach him how to live
 As thou didst once, with fortitude to bear
 The num'rous ills to which man's life is heir,
 That he, thro' faith and patience, may arrive
 To heav'n at last, and meet his ** there!

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SONNET IX.

To a VIOLET.

THO' not the gaudy Tulip's drap'ry fine,
 Yet thou, fair plant, canst Tyre's rich purple boast;
 The beauty of the Amethyst is thine;
 Thy neat and simple garb delights me most:
 Unseen and shadowy forms, of tiny size,
 Delicious dew-drops from thy surface sip,
 Feast on thy charms their microscopic eyes,
 And breathe thy sweets, as o'er thy leaves they trip.
 Emblem of innocence and modest worth,
 Who lov'st the eye of rude remark to shun,
 Whose lovely, lowly form still tends to earth,
 Unlike the flower which courts the mid-day sun;
 Thou seemst, sweet flow'ret, of his beam afraid;—
 Thus merit ever loves and seeks the shade..

SONNET X.

On the Prospect from NEW-UTRECHT BATH.

WHAT time the sun th' Atlantic flood ascends,
 With beams of glory circling 'round his brow,
 How lovely is this view, where beauty blends
 With grandeur!—how th' horizon glows!—and now
 On distant vision how the light-house gleams!
 Lo! Jersey's heights, and now her length'ning shore,
 Xon moving sails, and sounding surges hoar,
 Catch the first radiance of the solar beams!
 Blest is the child of sentiment, to whom
 A scene oft opens picturesque like this;
 Who, while he sees the rising sun illumine
 This charming scene, feels conscious of his bliss:
 For me, sad victim of an adverse fate,
 He sets, alas! too soon, and mounts too late!

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SONNET XI.

To a LARK.

SWEET bird, whose warblings wild my ear delight,
 Whose shrill-ton'd melody I love to hear,
 If thou didst know that murd'rous man was near,
 How quickly wouldest thou shun his dang'rous sight;
 But needless, beauteous bird, would be thy flight:
 'Tis true I wounded once a lark like thee;
 Perchance the harmless captive was thy mate;
 To pine awhile in durance was his fate,
 But soon I set the little suff'rer free;
 And never more will I thy race molest:
 Then plume thy dappled pinions, reckless rear
 Thy taper neck, and show thy golden breast;
 I prize my freedom, nor is thine less dear,
 Then fearlesss rove and sing in native freedom blest.

SONNET XII.

On a SUMMER CLOUD.

ALL things are vanity, the wise complain,
 And riches frequently get wings and fly ;
 Man walks in shadows baseless, dark and vain,
 And he receives existence but to die :
 Like his brief life, yon fleeting summer cloud,
 Tho' now empurpled by Sol's parting ray,
 Tho' gilded like the wealthy and the proud,
 Tends to th' horizon, and must soon decay :
 The unsubstantial fleece thro' æther glides,
 Beneath the azure dome it floats sublime,
 Gold paints its skirts as now it proudly rides—
 And now, like human life, it yields to time :
 Gone is its beauty, lo ! it turns to grey,
 It fades, 'tis lost to sight, it dies away !

SONNET XIII.

To a GLASS OF WINE.

THOU who canst make the heart of man rejoice,
 Make blind men fancy they can all things see,
 To taciturnity canst give a voice,
 And cause e'en infidels to bow the knee ;
 'Tis pleasant to behold thee, tempting juice,
 More pleasant still thy flavour to enjoy ;
 But much I fear thou smilest to seduce,
 And I suspect thou charmest to destroy :
 A painted sepulchre thou sometimes art,
 Disease and death may lurk beneath that guise,
 Or, like a Basilisk, thy look may dart
 Death to the morals ;—yet the good and wise
 Say thou hast virtues too ;—then let me try ;
 Since they have prov'd thy virtues—so will I.

SONNET XIV.

To a SEGAR.

SWEET antidote to Sorrow, Toil and Strife,
 Charm against Discontent and wrinkled Care,
 Who knows thy power can never know despair;
 Who knows thee not, one solace lacks of life:
 When cares oppress, or when the busy day
 Gives place to tranquil eve, a single puff
 Can drive ev'n Want and Lassitude away,
 And give a mourner happiness enough.
 From thee when curling clouds of incense rise,
 They hide each evil that in prospect lies;
 But when in evanescence fades thy smoke,
 Ah! what, dear sedative, my cares shall smother?
 If thou evaporate, the charm is broke,
 Till I, departing taper, light another.

SONNET XV.

To PLEASURE.

NYMPH with the simp'ring mouth, and leering eye,
And robe and tresses discompos'd with art;
To whose caresses frantic mortals fly
With eager haste, and give thee all their heart;
Whether, rude nymph, *Cytheria* be thy name,
Or *Circè* call'd, or fair *Euphrosyne*,
Thy charms, which our corrupt desires enflame,
Are varnish'd vice and gilded misery:
Woe to the youth whom thy seducing wiles,
And winning blandishments, have fir'd with love;
Who woos illicit joys, and courts thy smiles,
Or in the vineyard gay or Cyprian grove:
Pleasure! I covet not thy myrtle or thy vine;—
Be *Virtue*'s lasting wreath, *Concordia*'s olive mine.

SONNET XVI.

To HAPPINESS.

“UNREAL mock’ry!” evanescent good!
 Say, “baseless fabric,” fleeting shadow, say,
 Why dost thou still our ceaseless search elude?
 Ah! why the promis’d good so long delay?
 Or when, with transient beam, thou dost illumine
 Life’s darksome passage, why vouchsafe the fool
 And selfish wretch its light; while wonted gloom
 Wraps the lorn mortal, train’d in Virtue’s school?
 If in a soil by Care’s rank weeds o’errun,
 Thou canst take root, ah! here spring up and grow,
 And bless, at last, Misfortune’s chasten’d son,
 And let *Palemon* thy sweet solace know:
 How long wilt thou his orisons refuse,
 And grant him nought save *Anna* and the *Muse*?

SONNET XVII,

To JUSTICE.

OFFSPRING of heav'n! *Astræa*, if again
 Thou hast return'd to earth; whence, poets say,
 Thou erst wast driv'n, what time *Oppression's* reign
 An iron age produc'd; to thee I pray,
 Oh, heav'n-born Goddess! whether *Honour* thou,
 Or *Candour*, *Truth*, or *Probity* art nam'd;
 Or *Justice*, scarcely known, yet greatly fam'd;
 Dread name! which *Fraud* and *Cruelty* avow,
 And *Power* profanes—remember Afric's race;
 And vindicate the hapless debtor's cause,
 Burst his vile bonds, a Christian land's disgrace,
 Defend its just, annul its barb'rous laws;
 That suff'ring Man, made sick by Hope deferr'd,
 May own that thou art not an empty word.

SONNET XVIII;

To HEBE,

GODDESS of Youth, and young delight! with eyes
 Of heav'ly blue, and ruby-tinctur'd lips,
 And vest, light flowing, which *Aurora* dips
 In dew etherial and in Orient dyes!
 Blithe nymph, with roseate cheek, whose cherub smile
 Irradiates Nature's children; and to me,
 Alert and rampant fair one! gave erewhile
 Content, and Innocence, and Liberty:
 Blest was the season when, inspir'd by thee,
 I stemm'd the flood, or wing'd the soaring kite,
 Or, taught by thee, with agile spring and light,
 I vaulted o'er the hedge, or climb'd the tree:
 Alas! that Age should deem thy pleasures vain;
 And growth in Reason cause increase of pain!

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SONNET XIX.

To HARMONY.

HARK! 'tis the dulcet warbling of the flute
 And sweet-ton'd viol, on the breeze that floats,
 Sweet as the Orphean lyre, whose thrilling notes
 Dead Matter mov'd, and tam'd the savage brute:
 Thus once *Arion* touch'd the speaking strings;
 The monsters of the deep his harp obey'd,
 And o'er the billowy flood the bard convey'd:
 Such soft'ning power from heav'nly Music springs.
 Celestial *Harmony!* whose magic power
 With bold or melting strains can charm the ear;
 Or soothe the troubled soul, or make it tower
 " Above the visible diurnal sphere;"
 Me let the solemn organ's swelling peal
 Give holy rapture, such as angels feel!

SONNET XX.

To the GENIUS OF POETRY.

GENIUS of tuneful Verse! inspir'd by whom,
 Divine *Meonides* in numbers first
 Dawn'd on a world o'ercast with mental gloom,
 And strains sublime to barb'rous Greece rehears'd;
 Spirit of song! from whose Castalian fount
 The Mantuan poet sweet instruction drew;
 With piercing ken to whose Aonian mount,
 Once Albion's bards on eagle pinions flew:
 Tho' far aloof thy vot'ry stretch his wing,
 That o'er no classic land presumes to soar,
 Him hast thou taught in plaintive strains to sing,
 To feel thy solace, and thy power adore;
 And, spite of *Envy*'s futile venom, thou
 Hast plac'd a leaf of laurel on his brow.



JUVENILE LEVITIES.



The FOOL's FRIENDSHIP.

“ **T**HE friendship of a blockhead shun,”
 Said Israel’s monarch, David’s son;
 He spoke in language more sublime,
 But this will suit my humble rhyme:
 To prove his caution has some weight,
 A true adventure I’ll relate.

Upon a time (but when or where
 ’Tis not essential to declare)
 Two friends were near a river walking,
 And deeply occupy’d by talking;
 But what their subject was is hard
 To be discover’d by the bard:
 It chanc’d that, at this very time,
 A man was chas’d; but if a crime
 Occasion’d the pursuit, or what,
 The muse can’t tell,—it matters not;
 Nor will she now arrest the chase,
 To search the nature of his case:

Suffice it that, so swift he flew,
He one unlucky wight o'erthrew,
As in the sequel we will shew.

So anxious from his foes to flee,
He scarcely look'd before, to see
What obstacles might stop his flight,
But rather trusted legs than sight.

The poor pedestrian sought the flood,
Where our two friends aforesaid stood;
Who were so much engag'd, I wot,
They both seem'd fasten'd to the spot;
For neither turn'd his head, to see
What noise and bustle this should be,
Nor heard the clamour, it appears,
'Till one was over head and ears:
For now the culprit comes this way,
And headlong drives with rapid sway;
Of one he trips the nether ends,
And in the river fairly sends;
Dashing the element about,
He begg'd his friend to help him out,
Or he would drown; which makes some think
Already he began to sink;

By which it plainly is discern'd
That swimming he had never learn'd.
Meantime th' offender ceas'd to run,
Alarm'd to see what he had done:
Our witless hero now pell mell
Upon the wond'ring caitiff fell;
On which, as you or I would do,
The wretch plung'd in the river too;
And (not with his revenge content)
Strait after him the blockhead went,
Resolv'd on ample satisfaction,
Before he leaves the scene of action:
Now while the foe with blows he plys,
He heeds not his companion's cries;
Reflecting shrewdly, should he strive
To get his comrade out alive,
While he to help him does assay,
The fugitive might swim away;
He therefore minds that precept trite,
"When working, work with all thy might."
And now, his boxing at an end,
He turns around to save his friend;
But ah! too late he turns around;—
His unprotected friend is drown'd.

He now deplores his comrade's fate,
 And thumps his shallow skull too late;
 And vows he'll take a warning hence,
 Which shall improve his ounce of sense;
 But he, possess'd by dullness once,
 For ever must remain a dunce.

The ALE-HOUSE.

“ **HAPPY** the man who, void of care and strife,”
 And their dire cause, a domineering wife,
 Can, after day has long annoy'd his sight,
 Delighted see th' approach of welcome night:
 Thrice happy he! exempt from slavish dread
 Which vixens give the partners of their bed,
 To hail returning night, whose sooty charms
 Or locks in *Morpheus'* or *Xantippe's* arms
 The sluggish spouse;—the wiles of sleep he spurns,
 For nobler joys his ardent spirit burns:
 He nightly to the Ale-house does resort,
 Where vine-crown'd *Bacchus* keeps his noisy court;

There bows his head before the rosy shrine,
And pours libations of inspiring wine;
With liquid fire his sanguine eye-balls shine:
With rev'rence due these well-known rites he pays;
And, fraught with zeal, to his companions says :
“ Vot'ries of *Bacchus* list ! ” (the group's at peace,
And catches, noise, and imprecations cease).
“ Ye moping, lifeless, melancholy crew,
“ Domestic animals, who never knew
“ Our sweet, mysterious, Bacchanalian rites,
“ Nor aught in which a thirsty soul delights;
“ Ye, with corroding care and sorrow pale,
“ Come hither, and your woe-worn hearts regale;
“ Come, hear how loud we jovial spirits laugh,
“ And see what vast potations we can quaff;
“ Nor be dispirited, tho' Fortune's curses
“ Fall on your ragged, solitary purses;
“ If but one shilling shine amid the gloom,
“ Ye still may revel in this joyous room:
“ But happier still the man whom wealth betides,
“ Who drinks luxuriously, and casks bestrides;
“ Happier, beyond comparison, that sot
“ Who oft can cry, ‘ Waiter ! the other pot ! ’

" Full oft the tankard he exhausts, and oft
 " Replenishes the dear, enticing draught;
 " Whether the grape's heart-cheering juice he prize,
 " Or humble grog allure his longing eyes,
 " Or porter strong, or rib-enriching ale;
 " Alike he pays his quota on the nail.
 " Oh! happy man, from care and sorrow free,
 " Who in felicity can rank with thee?
 " And, while thou art inhaling smoke divine,
 " What perfect bliss, oh, favour'd sot, is thine!
 " And thou; Virginia's offspring, precious plant,
 " Can I forget thine eulogy to chaunt?
 " Of all Earth's fragrant weeds belov'd the best,
 " Whose balmy smoke gives drinking such a zest;
 " Tobacco, od'rous plant, who oft dost grace
 " The taper tube, which now my lips embrace;
 " Thy sweet effluvia oft may I imbibe,
 " Thou glory of the vegetable tribe!
 " Here, fill this vessel, fill it to the brim;
 " Companions, pledge me to the health of him
 " Who would eternally in liquor swim;
 " And now another, yet another drink—
 " What, nodding comrades—you—you're drunk, I
 think."

He says—and reels, and rolls his sightless eyes,
Then sinks to sleep, and there inglorious lies.

Still Satire would “oh, happy man!” have sung;
But grief and indignation stopp’d her tongue.

On PHLEBOTOMUS.

Written in 1784.

Of fam'd *Phlebotomus*, in physic sage;
His length of phiz, and eke his direful rage,
That sneaking Adam's ale was doom'd to fall,
And rum to rise,—sing, heav'ly muse, or bawl!

With chin suspended, and uplifted eyes,
“Ah, that the price of rum should ever rise;
“Now *Sackbut* will increase my score, the dog,
“And I shall dread to say—‘another grog!’
“’Tis this that does my thirsty soul provoke,”
The angry Doctor said—and, as he spoke,
The empty glass his hand obstetric broke,

Then cross'd the river to the old resort,
 Where *Bacchus*, whilom, often gave him sport;
 There, as with rueful longitude of face,
 He long'd for drink, and took his cheerless place,
 A brainless wight appear'd, ycleped *Sandy*,
 The quondam friend of Doctor and of brandy;
 And from whose jolly, pimple-sprouting face,
Phlebotomus had cut a dozen brace.

“ Joy of my heart! compeer of better days!”
 The long-fac'd enemy of pimples says;
 “ Ah! *Sandy*, how it grieves my heart to say
 “ That liquors rise—lend me a shilling, pray:
 “ By that fam'd cure which on your face I wrought,
 “ Of which the faculty so highly thought;
 “ By all those warts with which your face still glows,
 “ Oh! by that flaming salamander nose,
 “ Let's have a glass—you've money I suppose.”

When *Sandy* thus—“ Your supposition's rash,
 “ For, by this brandy face, I have no cash;
 “ Hard are the knocks I'm destin'd to receive,
 “ Yet *Griphus* scarcely will my wants relieve;
 “ For, churlish *Griphus*, wedded to his pelf,
 “ Of all his mother's brood, best loves himself;

“ Hence I am toss’d about, now here, now there,

“ By turns I’m ev’ry thing, and ev’ry where:

“ Now against wind and tide the oar I ply,

“ Then in the bar-room making punch am I;

“ Then planting, weeding, breaking up the soil;

“ These limbs, alas! no respite find from toil.

“ *Sandy!*—I’m coming!—in room, kitchen, yard,

“ Still fills the troubled air—‘ sad task, and hard! ’

“ And yèt ten cents per day are my reward.”

The Doctor paus’d and ponder’d—paus’d again;—

That *Sandy* had no money was too plain:

“ I have it!” he at length exclaim’d, and drew

A lancet, and apply’d it to his—shoe:

“ You must be bled, or, may I ne’er taste brandy,

“ If this vile plethora don’t kill you, *Sandy*;

“ Toil has inflam’d th’ intestinal canal;

“ Nay, *Sandy*, no reply—be bled you shall;—

“ Come, bare your arm,—the Fates have else decreed

“ That hæmorrhage and death shall soon succeed:

“ You must be bled!”—with solemn air, he cry’d,—

“ You must be bled!”—the hills, the shores reply’d.

His rusty lancet then he strait apply'd,
And from the puncture issu'd Life's warm tides;
The quick efflux made *Sandy* faint and sink.—
“ Some grog !”—the Doctor cry'd,—“ Some drink !
some drink !”
The call obey'd, the Doctor's point was gain'd;
With sprinkling, *Sandy* 'woke—and thought—it rain'd;
When thus *Phlebotomus* :—“ Swoons, syncopes, all
“ Lethargic cases do for water call;
“ But when the vital functions all act right,
“ 'Tis then quite diff'rent, I assure you, quite;
“ In that case, ardent spirits I hold best.”
He ceas'd,—and to his lips the liquor press'd,
Exhausts the glass, for he could empty pails,
Then, in his scheme exulting, homeward sails.

A CARD.

TO *Mentor*, sage *Minerva's* son,
And gay *Lothario*, child of fun,
Health and Fraternity I send;
And beg you'll visit your old friend,

LOW's POEMS.

III

To-morrow ev'ning; when the German,
And him with chin as long as sermon,
I do expect,—and, well I ween,
Men more eccentric ne'er were seen:
Our country friend, too, in his wherry,
Will take a trip across the ferry;
And there you all shall be as merry,
As hospitality, good sherry,
Capacious fires, and best Virginia,
Can make ye,—or the deuce is in ye.

“ How now ! ” *Lothario* crys, with laughter shaking,
“ Again this moon-struck wight is verses making ;
“ With silly rhymes his head is ever aching.”
Yes, twice ten years ago, to-morrow night,
Began to breathe the rhyming, moon-struck wight !

December 11, 1785.



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For the 4th of JULY, 1800.

AGAIN the signal day,
To Freemen ever dear,
Whose advent prompts our lay,
Whose dawn our hearts can cheer,
Returns to keep the flame alive
Which warms the Patriot's breast,
The love of Freedom to revive,
And greet *Columbia* blest.

CHORUS.

Columbia! see thy day-star rise,
Thy shores to re-illumine,
To cheer the captive's eyes,
And scatter Slav'ry's gloom!

Hail, memorable day!
Which saw a nation born;
Oh, may the orient ray,
Which ushers in thy morn,

Our fair horizon never see
 With clouds and storms o'ercast;
 But greet *Columbia* great and free,
 While Time and Freedom last!

CHORUS, &c.

Once War's infernal yell
 Resounded thro' our shore,
 Then Freedom's champions fell,
 And drench'd the soil in gore;
 Then Tyranny's remorseless band
 Our birth-right strove to wrest,
 And Horror, o'er a groaning land,
 Wav'd high his gorgon crest.

CHORUS, &c.

Her bolt *Medusa* hurl'd;
Tisiphone her brand;
 And over half a world
Bellona stretch'd her hand;
 The hydra Tyranny uprear'd
 His many-headed form;
 His banners dy'd in blood appear'd,
 Amid the raging storm!

CHORUS, &c.

But WASHINGTON arose,
Invincible in fight;
His sanguinary foes
Soon wither'd at his sight;
He knew on Danger's neck to ride,
Whene'er he took the field;
For Liberty was at his side,
And Justice was his shield.

CHORUS, &c.

Oh, dear departed Chief!
Whose name a world reveres,
Our hearts are pierc'd with grief,
Our eyes o'erflow with tears,
That on this glorious day's return
Thy presence never more
Shall make those patriot bosoms burn
Which now thy death deplore.

CHORUS, &c.

Illustrious, honour'd name!
Admir'd, belov'd, ador'd!
Whose nobly purchas'd fame
Hath so sublimely soar'd;

Ah, if thy country's blessings prove
 Secure as thy renown,
 The power alone who reigns above
 Can cast those blessings down!

CHORUS, &c.

Columbians! hail the day
 Which made those blessings yours,
 And glad thanksgivings pay,
 That Freedom still endures;
 That no ambitious, vengeful band
 Now makes the battle roar,
 No spoiler's desolating hand
 Afflicts your country more.

CHORUS, &c.

The trumpet's clangours cease,
 The fiends of War are dumb,
 The gentle reign of Peace
 And Happiness is come;
 Beneath our vine and fig-tree's shade,
 Unaw'd by foreign foes,
 Of no terrestrial power afraid,
 Columbia's sons repose.

CHORUS, &c.

Oh, speed the halcyon reign
Of Liberty and Love,
Just Heav'n! let man again
The bliss of *Eden* prove;
When swords to ploughshares shall be beat,
And pruners wield the spear,
And lambs with soften'd lions meet,
Insensible to fear.

CHORUS, &c.

When Virtue's sacred voice
Again shall be rever'd,
And Mercy shall rejoice
The wretch who Justice fear'd;
Shall, with a smile cherubic, tell
The pris'ner he is free,
Bid Slav'ry seek its native hell,
And Tyrants bow the knee!

CHORUS, &c.

When manacles no more
Shall human limbs corrode;
Or stripes they long have bore
Our fellow beings goad;.

Or Cruelty the bosom rend,
 Which bleeds at ev'ry pore,
 But man shall be of man the friend,
 And give Oppression o'er.

CHORUS, &c.

Hail, Freedom, heav'nly fair !
 Without thee life is pain ;
 And men the image bear
 Of Deity, in vain ;
 Soon may thy piercing ray explore
 The horrors of the mine,
 And break the galley-captive's oar,
 With energy divine !

CHORUS, &c.

This day *Columbia's* race
 Enjoy thy genial light ;
 Ah, never may thy face
 Look less serenely bright !
 On Error's night more lucid shine,
 While Time rolls on his stream,
 Till worlds acknowledge how divine
 Is this exalted theme !

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CHORUS.

Columbia! see thy day-star rise,
Thy shores to re-illumine,
To cheer the captive's eyes,
And scatter Slav'ry's gloom!

To ATTICUS.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Gray.

TO thee, beloved, ill-requited friend,
Dear sentimental, virtuous *Atticus*,
I now devote the sympathetic lay :
Ah ! fain would I, with Truth's fair eulogy,
And Friendship's sweet condolence, pierce the gloom,
The undeserv'd obscurity, which shades
Thy life's meridian ; and direct a world,
A sordid, thankless, weak, ill-judging world
To unassuming merit and to thee.

From infancy to childhood, from the dawn
Of early manhood up to manhood's prime,
Well have I mark'd the wond'rous history
Of thy eventful, chequer'd, hapless life;
But ah! 'twas mark'd in vain; for I, like thee,
Obscure and friendless, never knew the bliss,
To raise thee from that low, inglorious state
To which misfortune and a vicious world
Have destin'd thee; nor power, nor sovereign wealth
Permit *Palemon* to unloose the spell
Which holds thy worth in vassalage, and makes
Thy genius languish, and thy spirit droop.

Tho' little more than thirty winters have
O'er thy unshelter'd, tempest-beaten head,
Howl'd clamorous and ruthless; yet, alas!
The wrinkled *dæmon* Care sits on thy brow;
In thy benignant eye, once placid, meek,
And sparkling with Intelligence and Love,
Neglected worth and disappointed Hope
Speak eloquent;—on thy majestic front,
Where Dignity and Grace were once enthron'd,
Now Diffidence and lean Dejection lower;
Thy cheeks, where rosy Health did revel erst,

Luxuriant and enchanting, now assume
The sallow hue of fell Disease, and wear
The slow and undermining vestiges
Of baleful, life-consuming Discontent;
Thy locks of jet, already hoar with grief,
Belie thy life's short date, and o'er thy visage
Grow the sad lines of premature old age,

Ah! not a picture like thy friend hath drawn,
Didst thou exhibit once; ah! not a noon
Thus dark and dismal, and assail'd by storms,
Presag'd thy life's fair morn, on which the beam
Of cloudless Fortune so deceitful shone;
Then Fancy's lovely, fascinating child,
Sweet Poesy, thro' all her flow'ry walks
Led thee enamour'd; while beneath thy feet
A thousand sweets, a thousand beauties grew,
Transporting all thy powers;—illusive Hope
Then spread, in endless prospect to thy view,
Its sweet enchantments; ev'ry earthly good,
Auspicious, seem'd to wait maturer growth,
And finish'd excellence, to sate thy soul
With the vast bliss that ardent soul conceiv'd;
And the just plaudit self-esteem bestow'd,

Too well confirm'd the dangerous delusion,
Virtuous enthusiast! nor th' historic page,
Nor philosophic lore could then avail,
Thy Fancy's daring pinions to unplume,
Dispel Hope's flatt'ring visions, or arrest
The devious flights of thy romantic muse:
Unhackney'd then, dear, gen'rous, sanguine youth,
In the world's ways and Fortune's purblind freaks,
Thou couldst not apprehend, or wouldest not think,
That Virtue and Adversity are oft,
Strange paradox! too often are ally'd;
That not to talents (by benevolence
Made doubly precious) always is decreed
The smile of Fortune and the meed of praise;
Thou knewst not then that even Industry,
Howe'er incessant, toilsome, and severe,
Hard industry, not always does suffice
To raise desert from Penury's low vale:
Too sensibly, alas! thou knowst it now;
And thou hast learn'd, by sad experience taught,
Another truth, that Vice and Folly oft,
By easy stages, cheerly thro' Life's road,
Pursue their filthy, base, flagitious course,
Arrive at wealth, and then look down on thee.

Yes, I have known thy sorrows and thy joys,
And I have felt them too; have trac'd thy life
Of toil, and cares, and singular mishaps,
And ev'n those num'rous little, nameless ills,
Vexations, and mischances, and rebuffs,
Which daily marr'd thy peace, and cross'd thy views;
Which stoic trifles deem, or reckon nought,
But which thy keener sensibility
And more acute perceptions aggravate,
Transform to pain, and render lasting evils.

Well may thy feeling mind recoil from these;
At more afflictive, more enduring ills,
Ah, well may it despond and sink; for oh!
What complicated misery is thine!
Enfeebled, tortur'd by corporeal pain,
And faint beneath the pressure of disease;
Unfriended, poor, and doom'd to eat the bread
By constant labour dearly, hardly earn'd;
Amid a dull, disgusting, ceaseless round
Of drudgery, anxiety, and cares,
To which thine active and reflecting mind,
With busy art, associates ev'ry ill;
On which it still disconsolately broods,

And sadly dwells, and moralizes still:
A poor, monotonous, insipid task,
Mechanical, and adverse to thy taste:
Thy better genius from the plodding scene
Indignant would revolt, and spurn the toil;
But that imperious, stern Necessity,
O'er thy lorn head its iron scourge suspends,
And sacred Duty bids thee persevere.

Thus fares the storm-toss'd mariner, who plys,
Fainting, and almost hopeless of relief,
The oar laborious, in his little barque,
The last sad refuge of his sinking crew;
He eyes the troubled wat'ry waste afar,
But sees it bounded by the Heav'n's alone;
And toils and sighs, and looks and longs for land.

Thy days to thee are like the long, long night,
To him who pines and languishes in pain
Upon his burning couch, that cannot yield
A moment's rest;—e'en as he longs for day,
And thinks 'twill never dawn, so, *Atticus*,
Does thy soul sicken with diurnal care.

From such low cares thy cultivated mind,
Big with conceptions grand, once fondly hop'd,
With reason hop'd, a merited exemption:
No common mind is thine; it teems with views
Exalted and benign, and meditates
Heroic purposes and gen'r'rous deeds,
Which vulgar minds nor feel nor comprehend:
Benevolent and ardent, fraught at once
With fire and feeling, thou art form'd alike
To grace the noiseless scenes of private life
With courteous manners and domestic virtues,
To make the wretched bless thee, and to feel
That "true self-love and social are the same;"
Or charm with easy, sprightly wit, the hour
To festive mirth devoted; or to scan
The depths of science; or, with attic taste,
The rich effusions of the tuneful muse
To study and admire; their spirit catch,
And to those fruits of genius add thine own.

But useless are thy sense and spirit now;
Or worse than useless:—happier hadst thou been,
Had that thebaic, tranquillizing draught,
Which oft disease compell'd thee to imbibe,

While it reliev'd thy body's anguish, made
Thy mind alike insensible to pain;
What years of suff'ring hadst thou then escap'd?
A mere automaton thou then hadst mov'd,
Or vegetated, like the vulgar herd,
A vile, inanimate, and worthless thing,
Which feels, and knows, and thinks of nought but self.

Nor has the worst been told:—thy fellow men
Inflict on thee “ the surest, sorest ills; ”
For thou hast borne,—ah! still thou dost endure
Th’ unmanner’d churl’s repugnance; the stern frown
Of waspish, brutish, insolent ill-nature;
The wealthy idiot’s cold indifference;
The little great man’s despicable pride;
Th’ insufferable scorn of reptile sops;
Base, grov’lling knaves have bent thee to their purpose;
Abus’d thine easy nature, and revil’d
The weak credulity on which they thriv’d:
From such thou still art destin’d to receive
An hundred hackney’d, galling epithets,
Which form the over-reaching villain’s cant,
The vulgar jargon of the worldly wise,
Who hate thy goodness, and thy sense deride;

Flint-hearted men ! who pain thy gentle heart,
And immolate thy feelings, at the shrine
Of low self-int'rest, frigid apathy,
And fashionable ignorance ;—on thee
The tainted breath envenom'd Slander blows
Hath sometimes fall'n ;—Heav'n and *Palemon* know,
Hath fall'n unjustly ;—nor hast thou escap'd
The “ saintly-elevated eye,” with which
Hypocrisy beholds thy principles :
Thy pure morality, alike remote
From bigot rigour, and the turpitude
Of libertine indulgence, claims in vain
The just award of Charity and Truth ;
On thee Intolerance hath often scowl'd
With deadly hate, and injur'd thy repose ;
Fell Superstition's sanguinary crew
Have persecuted thee almost to madness ;
And, since their blind, inquisitorial zeal
Could never warp thine independent mind,
Nor torture thee to play the knave or fool,
They fulminated endless curses on thee.

Thine is this black detail of evils, thine
The consequence of all those vices, which

The legal codes of polish'd Christendom
Nor punish, nor reform, nor recognizes
A soul-depressing catalogue of ills,
Enough to overcome the fortitude
Of stoic minds; and make them, sick of life,
Throw off its cumbrous load, and welcome death.
No stoic, *Atticus*, art thou, and yet
Thou liv'st, and canst support existence still;
Good is thy nature still, thy temper meek;
The milk of human kindness, unrestrain'd
By human injuries, still sweetly flows,
Benignly flows and mantles thro' thy breast,
Uncurdled by the gall of Enmity,
Unruffled by the motions of Revenge.

These ills thy noble soul, tho' deeply pierc'd,
Can still endure, and triumph over still;
But ah! 'tis "serpent-tooth'd" Ingratitude,
And hell-born Perfidy, which rive thy heart;
Thy feeling heart, which, in its very core,
Hath cherish'd those whom now thou knowst thy foes;
Thine indigence, alas! hath made them foes:
On thee let *Plutus* but his dross bestow,
The venal wretches will become thy friends.

This mortifying thought corrodes thy peace,
Preys on thy life, and withers ev'ry hope;
This renders thee most wretched, aggravates
Each other evil, changes joy to pain,
And turns ev'n blessing to calamity!

Yes, Poverty, that worst of human ills,
That concentration, essence of them all,
Hath made thee friendless, and produces all
The sore afflictions thou art doom'd to bear:
Dread curse! which, when to Ignorance ally'd,
Produces Vice in all its hideous forms:
But Vice and Ignorance, dear, suff'r'ing friend,
Swell not the list of thine afflictions; no—
Were they thy portion too, thou ne'er hadst seen
Envenom'd Envy's half-averted eye
Squint at thy talents, or upon thy virtues
Grin horribly malignant; ah! do they,
Do Genius, Goodness, make thee wretched too?

Yes, for they make Malevolus thy foe;
Th' unfeeling, splenetic Malevolus;
That mean, unprincipled, unmanly slave,
That mercenary wretch, who would, for pelf,

Lay honour prostrate; for a gracious nod
From those endow'd with sapience just enough
To find the road to wealth, would act the ape,
Obsequious crouch, and meanly kiss their feet:
That worthless, fawning, cringing hypocrite,
Whose little soul knows no delight so great
As that which it derives from rich men's smiles;
Who for preferment, or an empty name,
Or puerile precedence, would supplant
His worthiest friend, and fatten on his ruin:
That vile, contemptible, abortive thing,
Who pines and “withers at another's joy,
“ And hates that excellence he cannot reach;”
He on thy worth, unhappy as thou art,
With ranc'rous spite and jaundic'd envy looks;
Deprav'd, deceitful reptile! tho' he blinks
With all the cogcomb's, all the ape's grimace,
At thy fair fame; yet, sometimes does he feign
(Accurs'd duplicity!) esteem and love:
How oft have I, indignant, seen him grin
The smile of hellish triumph at each cross,
Each new disaster which assail'd thy peace,
And wrung thy soul! how oft beheld his spleen
Enjoy thy pain and feed on thy chagrin!

Or when Prosperity's fallacious lure
Shed in thy breast a short-liv'd gleam of joy,
And a faint smile bespoke relief from woe,
How did he bite the lip of scorn, and look
Maliciously askance, and talk, and eye thee
Significantly envious and malign !
Oft hath his perfidy betray'd thy thoughts
In confidential privacy made known,
When thy expanding soul, frank, unreserv'd,
Warm, unsuspecting, open and sincere,
By free, unstudied converse, lay expos'd,
Unguarded lay to his nefarious arts:
Oft hath his overflowing gall infus'd
Its bitterness and venom in the cup
Of festive mirth and social happiness;
Thy flow of soul, thy keen, but harmless wit,
Eclipsing all his pitiful attempts
To make thee dull and witless like himself,
Hath rankled in his heart, till he could vent
By flagrant insult, or distorted tales,
Sly inuendoes, or sarcastic taunts,
The filth and poison which engender'd there;
And when that heart was eas'd of half its gall,
" He smil'd and smil'd, and was a villain" still,

And didst thou e'er this serpent wound, that thus
His verjuice features shrivel at thy sight,
(Fit counterpart of his contracted mind)
And more distorted grow than Nature's haste,
And self-conceit and spleen have fashion'd them?
Ah! no,—for thou hast sought to gain his love,
Hast shown him undeserv'd respect, and heap'd
Peculiar favours on th' ungrateful fiend;
Still is the thankless viper thy worst foe;
He hates thee tho' thou long hast been his friend;
Thou art unhappy, yet he envys thee,
Oh, wretch, to honour and to feeling lost,
And Virtue's charm attractive! oh, unblest
By that sublime expansion of the heart
Which Friendship and Benevolence produce,
Or by the God-like pleasure, only felt
By great and lib'ral souls, when they commend
That worth in others which themselves possess,
Or, not possessing, still admire and praise.

Dear, hapless friend! still let thy noble soul,
Thine independent spirit greatly soar
Above his despicable arts, above
His deadly hate, nor heed his fiend-like frown,

Or sycophantic smile; but think, oh think,
When all thy sensibilities are rous'd
And wounded by his malice, then reflect
Upon his littleness and thy desert,
Thy vast superiority to him;
And still magnanimously prize the lot
Of honest poverty, with all its ills,
Far, far above the meretricious good
Which Fortune, with unsparing hand, bestows
On servile, sordid animals like him.

Ah! what, amid this cloud of evils, what
Can so sublimely bear thy spirit up,
As conscious Rectitude, and inborn worth?
That only proof against th' infernal arts
Of treach'rous, cruel, persecuting man:
In Honour's ancient, venerable path,
Still persevere; oh! rise superior still
To Life's rude storms, and Fortune's worst attacks!
Be Innocence thy blest companion still,
Let thy impregnable defence be Truth;
And prove that Virtue is its own reward:
And when by Labour harass'd, worn by Grief,

Emaciated by Disease, and ripe
For endless being in a better world,
Thou, *Atticus*, shalt lay thy burthens down,
And in Earth's bosom find repose at last,
Then shall thy spirit, from its father, God,
For all its suff'rings in this vale of tears,
Receive a vast, an infinite reward;
A weight of Heav'nly Glory, for a life
Of deep Humiliation suffer'd here,
For temporary woe, eternal bliss!



EFFUSIONS
OF
FANCY.



ELLEN AND PHEBE:

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

WHEN sun-quicken'd Summer grew old,
What time plenty gladden'd the land,
And Autumn's first harbingers told
That the fall of the leaf was at hand;

'Twas then, by the side of a stream,
Whose murmurs to mourners are dear,
That *Ellen* her sorrowful theme
Imparted to Sympathy's ear:

She griev'd for the swain whom she lov'd,
And oft did she weep o'er his clay;
And *Phebe*'s compassion was mov'd
While thus sadly sweet was her lay.

ELEEN.

The reign of *Vertumnus* is o'er,
And *Flora* her charms has withdrawn;
Ah, ne'er to enliven me more,
For the pride of *Vertumnus* is gone!

Pomona's rich blessings grow ripe,
And Autumn approaches us fast;
But tuneless and mute is the pipe
Which welcom'd the Autumn that's past.

Grim Winter, dear *Phebe*, will soon
Pluck Summer enjoyments from thee;
But ah! ere the year finds its noon,
'Tis Winter already to me!

PHEBE.

See, sister, how dew-drops adorn
Yon sweet-scented woodbine of ours;
And mark how the bee shuns the thorn,
But rests and regales on its flowers;

The thrush pours his music so wild,
The robin hops blithe thro' the leaves,
And warbles his melody mild:
'Tis only my *Ellen* who grieves.

ELLEN.

In vain pearly dew-drops I see,
The woodbine's rich incense is vain,
And birds chaunt no music for me
So sweet as the voice of my swain.

Ah! sweeter than *Philomel*'s song
Was the love-breathing strain of his lute,
It oft did her visit prolong,
And render'd her eloquence mute.

Not the dew-spangled woodbine can yield
Such fragrance as once did the breath
Of him, sweetest flower of the field,
Cut down so untimely by death.

How oft, on that love-hallow'd sod
Which wraps his dear form from my view,
Did he, as he pensively trod,
His vows of affection renew!

As the dew upon *Hermon* distill'd,
So gentle and soft was each word;
Not *Hybla* such sweetness could yield,
No Minstrel such music afford.

He spoke,—and with rapture I heard
The accents which dropp'd from his tongue;
He mov'd,—not *Adonis* appear'd
So graceful, the shepherds among.

His heart was as soft as the dove's,
As a lamb meek and harmless was he;
No mother more tenderly loves
Her suckling, than *Edwin* lov'd me.

If a lamb suffer'd pain, he, alas,
Acutely partook of it too!
The insect, which writh'd on the grass,
Than *Edwin*, less agony knew!

Oft grief on his visage would lower,
But soon he the tear would displace;
Like the sun-beam which shines thro' a shower,
Was the smile which illumin'd his fate!

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His eyes,—with what meekness they beam'd!
How entend'ring his love-speaking glance!
Like the mild rays of *Cynthia* it seem'd,
Which on the flood tremblingly dance.

How blooming and rich are the streaks
Which encrimson the peach on yon bough!
Thus ruddy were once *Edwin's* cheeks,
But pallid and cold are they now.

PHEBE.

The pride of the village lies low;
By whom was not *Edwin* deplo'rd?
But the swains have forgotten their woe,
And time their lost peace has restor'd;

No more, then, to dust vainly cleave;
Your plaints and your sorrows give o'er;
The aged and hopeless may grieve,
But *Ellen* should sorrow no more.

Come, see how your lambkins increase,
How gamesome they skip o'er the heath;
Come, woo the soft influence of peace,
The arbour's cool shadow beneath.

ELLEN.

No more:—your entreaties are vain;
By them I can never be mov'd,
For, ah, your dispassionate strain
Informs me you never have lov'd!

To see how my lambkins increase,
To mark how they sport on the heath,
Would never restore my lost peace,
For their shepherd is shrouded in death:

Nor yet lost content could I find
Beneath yonder arbour's cool shade;
I'd look on the boughs he entwin'd,
And think,—its dear maker is dead.

He's gone, whose dear presence alone
Made all things like Eden appear;
Their charms with my *Edwin* have flown,
He, only, made Paradise here.

No more will his exquisite art
The beauties of nature improve;
No more will they speak to this heart
The eloquent language of love.

Nor title nor wealth had the youth,
Nor aught which the million adore;
His riches were Talents and Truth,
And *Good* was the title he bore;

But Genius, alas! was his bane,
His heart by the envious was wrung;
And even his virtues gave pain,—
But Death hath stopp'd Calumny's tongue!

The voice of Detraction is still,
The trial of feeling is o'er;
The scorn of the worldling shall fill
His bosom with anguish no more!

He breath'd all his soul, when he spoke
Of the wrongs he was doom'd to sustain;
His heart by Injustice was broke,—
Ah! now he has ceas'd to complain,

In the grave he finds refuge at last;
In the grave he forgets all his care;
Nor Malice nor Envy can cast
Their shafts, drench'd in bitterness, there.

The cypress and willow-tree wave;—
They soon shall o'ershadow me too:
See, they beckon my steps to the grave,
Dear *Edwin*, that's hallow'd by you!

There *Ellen* shall soon end her woes,
There wailing and suff'ring shall cease,
And this broken heart find repose
In the bosom of *Edwin* and peace!



To a SPIDER.

I LIKE thee not, *Arachne*; thou art base,
 Perfidious, merciless, and full of guile;
 Cruel and false, like many of our race,
 Voracious as the monster of the Nile;

Thou villain insect! well do I perceive
 The treach'rous web thy murd'rous fangs have wrought,
 And yet so fine and subtle dost thou weave,
 That heedless innocence perceives it not;

Ev'n now I see thee sit, pretending sleep,
 Yet dost thou eager watch the live-long day,
 With squinting eyes, which never knew to weep;
 Prepar'd to spring upon unguarded prey.

Ill fares it with th' unwary little fly,
 Or gnat, ensnar'd by thy insidious loom;
 In thy envenom'd jaws the wretch must die;
 To glut thy loathsome carcase is his doom!

Instinctive is my terror at thy sight;
 Oft, ugly reptile, have I shun'd thy touch;
 Nor do I wonder thou shouldst thus affright,
 Since thou resemblest vicious man so much.

Like him, thy touch, thy very look can blight;
 But not the Spider species dost thou kill;
 While, spite of duty, ev'n in God's despite,
 "Man is to man the surest, sorest ill."

To the OWL.

GRAVE, pensive, musing, solitary bird,
 Who lov'st to woo the lone and silent night,
 By thee to all the joys of day preferr'd,
 And maugre coxcomb birds who love the light.

Witlings have said,—but ignorance will prate,—
 Thou lovest darkness, and the light dost shun;
 Because thy deeds are evil, and dost hate
 The all-pervading influence of the sun;

Let such thy solemn gait and look despise,
Their mirth is folly and their laughter mad;
For *Pallas*, Goddess chaste, discreet and wise,
Gave thee that sober air and visage sad:

'Tis true, thy hooting does not please the ear,
But thou, perhaps, art moralizing now;
And man delights not moral truth to hear,
Or from the pulpit or dismantled bough.

From that age-blighted bough thou seemst to cry—
"Oh, turn at my reproof, ye sons of men;
"Why scorn ye Virtue, creatures born to die?
"And when will ye be truly wise, ah! when?"

"'Tis better to the house of grief to go,
"Than Pleasure's court, on luxuries to feast;
"Far better to be mov'd at human woe,
"Than gorge your sensual cravings like a beast."

Bird of *Minerva*! denizen of night!
Oft, when the shades of eve begin to fall,
Will I retire from Pleasure's meteor light,
To see thee perch'd on yonder ruin'd wall.

There, where the ivy and the night-shade climb,
 Amid the waste a thousand years have made,
 We'll gather wisdom from the wreck of time;—
 Or, wrapp'd in Contemplation's awful shade,

Where some old temple lifts its form sublime,
 'Midst Death's drear spoils and many a mould'ring tomb,
 We there will pass beyond the bourn of time,
 And meditate on man's eternal doom:

And when I tread the consecrated aisle,
 And hear thee pour thy melancholy scream,
 I'll ponder on my destiny the while;
 The world of spirits shall be all my theme!

To SENSIBILITY.

MEEK power, with placid look and melting eye,
 Dear source of all my pains and all my joys,
 Who canst or give a heav'n of ecstacy,
 Or whose heart-thrilling touch our bliss destroys?

What tho' the anguish thou dost sometimes give
Is hard to bear, and painfully acute,
The peasant lops the tree to make it thrive,
And grafts to mellow and improve the fruit.

Since Reason's dawn have I thine influence felt?
Ah! ne'er, lov'd inmate, from my breast depart,
But let thy gentle rays benignly melt
Whate'er of stone yet indurates my heart.

Soft as the dew which vernal airs distil,
And tender as the cooing of the dove,
Are those ineffable delights, which thrill
The sentimental bosom form'd for love.

Oh! how I pity that insensate crew
Who cannot such divine emotions feel!
Who never Nature's plastic workings knew,
Whose heads are pervious, but whose hearts are steel:

But blest is he,—oh, how supremely blest!
Whose ev'ry passion owns thy gentle sway;
How vibrates, sweetly tremulous, his breast!
His feelings—oh, how exquisite are they!

Blest is the heart which thou hast made thy throne,
For, tho' it keenly feel another's grief,
Yet, since thy sympathies are all its own,
Another's happiness affords relief.

Kind Sensibility! thy cordial power
Can cheer the sick, and smooth the bed of death;
Make man more tranquil in the dying hour,
And less reluctantly resign his breath.

The savage whom thy magic cincture binds
Grows daily gentler in its soft embrace;
For thou canst humanize uncultur'd minds,
And thou unbrutalize the human race.

The sightless mendicant, to grief resign'd,
Of almost ev'ry earthly good bereft,
Consoles himself that still, to sooth his mind,
His faithful, sympathetic dog is left:

Unlike the world, his humble friend bestows
Caresses fond as erst when Fortune smil'd;
What else can yield a solace for his woes?
Poor, old, blind outcast, Sorrow's blighted child!

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Ah! sweeter far is sympathy like this
Than frigid Charity from Man which springs;
Sweet as to mothers is the infant kiss,
Or adulation to the ears of kings.

Ev'n the lorn wretch, to ev'ry ill a prey,
Can scarcely sink in absolute despair,
If thy soft breathings o'er his heart-strings play,
And sweetly harmonize each fibre there;

If to the shade of Solitude he goes,
There Nature seems with him to sympathize;
The distant water-fall can sooth his woes,
And zephyrs breathe responsive to his sighs;

Tho' Fraud and Cruelty have made him rove,
Tho' human injuries his bosom rend;
The bird of night will melt him into love,
The social red-breast will become his friend;

O'er all his powers a pleasing sadness steals;
Fled are his hopes, but lessen'd are his fears;
Tho' man hath wrung his soul, yet, yet he feels
The speechless luxury of virtuous tears!

Blest Sensibility! oh, still entwine
Thy silken cords of love around my heart;
Still may the influence of thy touch benign
Thro' ev'ry nerve, with force electric, dart!

Blest is the bosom thou hast made thy throne,
For, tho' it keenly feel another's grief,
Yet, since thy sympathies are all its own,
Ev'n "trifles light as air" can give relief.

On a small FISH caught by angling.

POOR little struggling, captive wretch,
Ah! not for thee was meant the lure
Which thou, too credulous, didst catch,
Which renders thee my prey secure;

For those among the finny brood
Of more experience, larger size,
I dropp'd the fascinating food
Which did attract thy longing eyes;

Fain would I draw the barbed steel
Which makes thee pant and gasp for breath,
But, ah! 'twould sooner make thee feel
Thy final pang,—'twould be thy death:

Ev'n now thou dost thy life-blood pour,
In crimson drops, upon the strand;
Thy beauty is distain'd with gore,
Thy freshness withers in my hand.

Poor, suff'ring suppliant! thou in vain
Dost mercy at my hands implore;
If thou wast in the flood again,
Thou there, alas! couldst swim no more.

Let Pleasure's vot'ries learn from hence,
That not those charms which most allure
The good they promise can dispense,
Or make felicity more sure;

That specious Pleasure hides a barb
More poignant than the baited steel;
That oft the most enticing garb
Pandora's evils does conceal;

Then, oh, be cautious, sanguine youth!

Beware of Pleasure's Syren wiles;

From Error's arts distinguish Truth,

And Virtue from the harlot's smiles;

If, like this captive fish, you grasp

At joy on Treach'ry's hook that's hung,

Or soon or late like him you'll gasp,

And with Remorse your soul be wrung!

On a SPRING of WATER

In King's County, Long-Island.

WHEN parch'd by thirst, and faint with heat,

I make this fav'rite spot my seat,

And see, beneath the Willow's shade,

This limpid Spring, this sweet cascade,

Which through a million pores of earth

Refines and filtrates ere its birth,

In gentle currents pour along,

The green and flow'ry meads among;

And carry my delighted gaze
Where'er its course meand'ring strays,
And see it kissing, as it flows,
Each shrub that here luxuriant grows,
Each od'rous plant of varied green,—
Oh, how delicious is the scene!
When o'er the fount I eager bend,
And hear the gurgling sound ascend,
And see the pearly globules rise,
My ears are charm'd, regal'd mine eyes;
But when, my burning thirst to slake,
I Nature's wholesome bev'rage take,
Far more refreshing is the draught
Than that by Bacchanalians quaff'd;
Not liquid fire, of man the bane,
That yields us joy which ends in pain,
Can thus revive and charm each sense,
Or such salubrious gifts dispense;
Not juice from luscious grapes express'd
Can yield so sweet, so pure a zest;
For, tho' the rich potion please,
It prostrates mind, and sows disease.
Then shun, oh, man! the specious good,
Dash from your lips the purple flood,
Nor let its fires inflame your blood;

Escape from such fallacious joys,
 From frantic mirth and brutal noise;
 From *Circe's* incantations flee,
 And taste unmix'd delight with me;
 Here draw supplies of strength for age,
 And here your fev'rish thirst assuage.

Like *Kais** were you doom'd to roam
 Far, far from *Leila* and your home;
 (Arabia's Nightingale was he,
 His incense-breathing Rose was she.)
 Ah! if like him in desert lands,
 You trod forlorn on burning sands,
 And breath'd Arabia's torrid air,
 And found nor shade nor fountain there;
 Your wasting frame with fever fir'd,
 Increas'd by ev'ry breath respir'd;
 O'er your scorch'd head a brazen sky;
 Around no spot to bless your eye
 With verdure, cooling shade or stream,
 (Obnoxious to the solar beam)
 Your arid tongue consum'd by thirst,
 Your heart by hopeless love accrû'd,—

* See *D'Israëls* romance of *Mejnoun and Leila*

How would you pant, and long, and mourn
For this sweet Spring which now you scorn!

But should benignant Genii bear,
From sandy wastes and stagnant air,
Your haggard form, by Famine worn,
Which heat hath blasted, flints have torn,
To this blest spot, where Phœbus' beam
Nor shrivels plants nor dries the stream;
If, by a miracle, convey'd
Beneath this lovely Willow's shade,
You heard this rill,—romantic sound!
In soothing murmurs purl around;
And look'd and gaz'd with raptur'd eyes
On all things circled by the skies;
And felt what cooling influence brings
The zephyr on its balmy wings;
And what refrigerating power
Is in the soft, pellucid shower,
Which falls so sweetly, gently here,
That ev'n the sight can cool and cheer,
Oh! what a Paradise of bliss
A scene delectable like this

Would open to the ravish'd view
Of such a dying wretch as you!
'Twould all your languid powers revive,
And bid exhausted Nature live!

Beneath a scorching vertic sun,
A fearful distance still to run,
What would the harass'd seaman give,
Could he to such a spot arrive!
Oft does the famish'd suff'rer dream
Of such a spot, with such a stream;
And oft the draught which he desires
From his unsated lip retires;
He 'wakes to longings more intense,
His veins are fir'd, disturb'd his sense;
He 'wakes to fev'rish thirst a prey,
And joyless ploughs the briny way.

Narcissa, innocent as fair,
Of this translucent Spring beware;
For when, your ardent thirst to slake,
You stoop the temp'rate draught to take,
This mirror may attract desire,
And water may engender fire;

For in that mirror you may view
A form as beautiful as you;
That form, already passing fair,
Will shine with added beauty there;
In it the clear cerulean sky
With brighter azure charms the eye,
And the light fleece which floats in air,
Is lovelier when reflected there:
Then lest (like erst an am'rous swain)
You love your beauteous self in vain,
And for that lovely image sigh
Which in the crystal fount you spy,
Admire not those reflected charms,
Nor vainly strive to fill your arms
With the fair shadow you would miss,
But seek for safer, purer bliss;
Less fleeting, more attractive too,—
Admire the *mind* which dwells in you.



On the FALLS of PASAICK.

HOW awfully impressive is thy view,
 Sublime *Pasaick*! scarcely less sublime
 Than fam'd *Niagara*'s tremendous flood,
 Which foams, and roars, and thunders, as it sweeps
 Resistless, and indignant at controul:
 Thine awe-inspiring cataract, till now
 In verse unnotic'd, by no poet sung,
 Tho' greatly meriting the meed of fame,
 Shall dignify and grace my parting lay;
 Shall prompt my waning numbers, ere the Muse
 Reluctant quits her long-accustom'd strain,
 And bids a world of vice a long adieu.

Stupendous torrent! how majestic fall
 Thy liquid sheets which, o'er the cliff abrupt,
 Precipitate their foam to depths below,
 And rage, and boil, and dash tumultuous there!
 From whence th' astonish'd eye averts its glance,

And the stunn'd head, grown giddy, loves to turn
And rest on aught that less inspires the soul
With feelings almost too sublime for man.

Well pleas'd I turn:—on yonder humid cloud,
Which ceaseless rises from those depths profound,
My eye delighted dwells; innum'rous drops,
Like early dew pellucid, than the dew
More subtle and minute, its fabric form;
The solar beams, refracted in their course,
With heav'n's own tinctures paint the lucid spray,
Reflecting smiles around;—the glitt'ring shower
Gives to the landscape, picturesque and rude,
And wildly beautiful, a richer tinge,
Irrigous gleaming on the grass-grown rocks,
Imbruing vegetation, making earth
More fertile, and the neighb'ring scenery
Look still more lovely, more enchanting still.

Well pleas'd I turn to see thy rapid flood,
Pasaick! tho' it here breaks thund'ring through
Obstructing shoals, at length pursue a course
More equable and gentle, till it glides
Noiseless and placid as the limpid brook,

And takes another name;* thy flow'ry banks
Oft have I cheerly trod, what time the sun
In Ocean's bosom dipp'd his flaming orb,
And on the sombre clouds, and hills remote,
And village spires his mellow radiance shed.

Ah! there, erewhile I lov'd to woo the Muse;
There, from Creation's ample book, I drew
Poetic inspiration, or with thee,
Once lov'd *Amanda!* sentimental fair,
Saw Nature's beauties with a poet's eyes,

And from some height admir'd the country wide,
Ev many a cultur'd field and sylvan scene
Enrich'd, adorn'd with many a gay parterre,
Which yielded amaranth and shed perfume:

Heard the glad tenants of the grove pour forth
Their dulcet melody; enjoy'd the sound,
Romantic concert! which the zephyr's breath
Serenely wafted from the lowing kine,

And bleating race, who graz'd the distant heath,
Infusing calm delight:—enraptur'd saw
How Art and Nature sweetly harmoniz'd.
In distant prospect, oft have we beheld
Fair Newark's rising village terminate

* Second River.

The variegated scene, when all beyond
Melted in dun obscurity, as fell
Meek Twilight's umbrage, till the distant view
Of Jersey's lofty woods and oak-crown'd hills
Grew indistinct and dark, to vision lost,
Inspiring holy awe and thoughts serene!
Enchanting landscape! which the graphic art
In vain attempts to rival; which makes faint
The glowing tints a *Titian's* canvass shows;
Which not *Lorrain's* nice pencil could pourtray
In colours vivid as the living scene!

Belov'd *Amanda*! ah, forever fled
Art thou, who didst delight, in better days
Than I have since beheld, to roam with me;
And, smiling at my side, didst oft survey
Such rural charms, enamour'd! then with thee
I wont to moralize, and dream of bliss
Which thou, alas! dear inmate of my breast,
Didst never see; of visionary good
Which still eludes thy lov'd companion's grasp!

Painfully pleasing retrospect of joys
Long since departed! which can give the mind

Emotions too intense for utterance;
How do these scenes, by happier days endear'd,
Awake Remembrance from its slumb'ring state,
And kindle and revive its smother'd fires!
Ah, sadly-pleasing retrospect!—tho' sad,
More dear to feeling minds than vapid good
By tinsel wealth imparted;—dearer far
Than those poor joys which dissipation yields,
Or short-liv'd sensual pleasure can afford
To mere corporeal Nature's brutal taste.
Away, ye vain, seducing arts of life!
Unstable props of man's felicity,
Unreal shadows, hence!—your specious good,
Your virtuous semblance, and pretensions fair,
I well have known; for, with your blandishments,
Ye once my heart allur'd; but hollow, foul,
And baseless ye were found;—the moral sense
Ye make obtuse; ye vitiate the taste;
And make man dead to mental energy,
To ev'ry rational enjoyment dead,
And blind to Virtue's winning, lasting charms.
Disease, Disgust, Remorse are in your train,
And Death pursues your steps: ah! wretched he
Who, in your whirling vortex deep engulph'd,

Is hopeless of release! or, if he could,
No effort makes to throw the fetters off
Which bind his faculties, and deeper sink
In Ruin's dread abyss his prostrate soul!

Not so the child of sentiment and taste,
Contemplative, enlighten'd and refin'd,
Who knows to see, to study and enjoy
The pure, the temp'rate, tranquillizing scenes
Of unperverted Nature;—pleasures these,
Which Fashion's slaves nor relish nor conceive;
How does the virtuous mind delight to draw,
From that exhaustless fount, substantial bliss,
Instruction lasting, pleasure unalloy'd!

How wonderful, how mighty are thy works,
Prolific Nature! how august, how grand!—
Thy secret workings how inscrutable!
Mysterious!—baffling man's acutest ken
And most profound research; how great those acts
Which human sense can feel or recognize!
Producing in astonish'd Intellect,
Conceptions of sublimity and grandeur,
Which make description languid, which defy

The power of elocution, and for which
The tongue of man hath never found a name;

But if the wild magnificence of Nature
Can thus engage the rapt enthusiast's mind,
How passing wonderful is *Mind* itself!
And, oh! how infinitely greater still
Is that eternal, independent *Mind*,
That Soul of physical and moral worlds,
Essence of Intellect and breath of Life!
That vivifying Spirit, who pervades
The Universe immense! who only spake,
What time the crude chaotic mass of things
Wag'd elemental war, and rag'd and strove
In wild commotion, emulous of sway,—
Who only spake; and, at his sov'reign word,
The "formless mass, the world's material" germe
To order came;—congenial particles,
Attracting and attracted each to each,
Adhesive clung;—incongruous principles
And adverse atoms, sever'd and disjoin'd,
And sought and found their proper use and sphere;
At his dread fiat ancient Night drew up
Her veil of sable hue!—“Let genial light

" Beam thro' the dreary, ' palpable obscure'
" Of boundless space!" he said,—and all was light!
Swift thro' the vast, illimitable void,
His arm omnipotent the planets launch'd!
Then sang the stars harmonious; and his sons,
The first-born offspring of creative power,
Shouted aloud, rejoicing at his deeds!
He gave command, and Earth's foundations stood
Rooted in adamant, and as his word
Immoveable;—the everlasting hills,
From Ocean's caves, upheav'd their forms to heav'n;
And last, tho' not least perfect, Man arose,
The creature of his wonder-working hand;
His form erect and beautiful,—his port
Majestic,—and his eye surveying heav'n!
In him JEHOVAH breath'd the breath of life;
In him a living, incorporeal soul,
To know, adore and love him, he infus'd.
He spake,—a moment gave his word effect!
He will'd a Universe,—and Worlds were born!

Thus, Nature, often may I mark thy works;
Admire thy wonders, feast upon thy charms!
In thy instructive volume, may I learn

To elevate my reas'ning powers to heights
Which not the wisdom of the schools can reach;
Till, awe-rapt and transported, I partake
Of hermit bliss, and realize romance!
Whether some view, transcendently sublime,
Strikes my awaken'd soul; or Beauty spreads
Her fairy visions to my raptur'd gaze,
And all *Arcadia* opens to my view;
Still may my pleasing meditations rise
From Nature's wonders up to Nature's God!
Thus ever may I feel to Nature true,
And ever, ever be dispos'd to sing,
Parent of Good, how glorious are thy works!"

THE END.

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